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January 21, 1928

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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"A Long Yell for Nero"
Even in Ancient Rome fancy footwork, plus brains, won the girl
by
SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

"Off Skagerrak"
by
GEORGE S. BROOKS

N. 21, 1928

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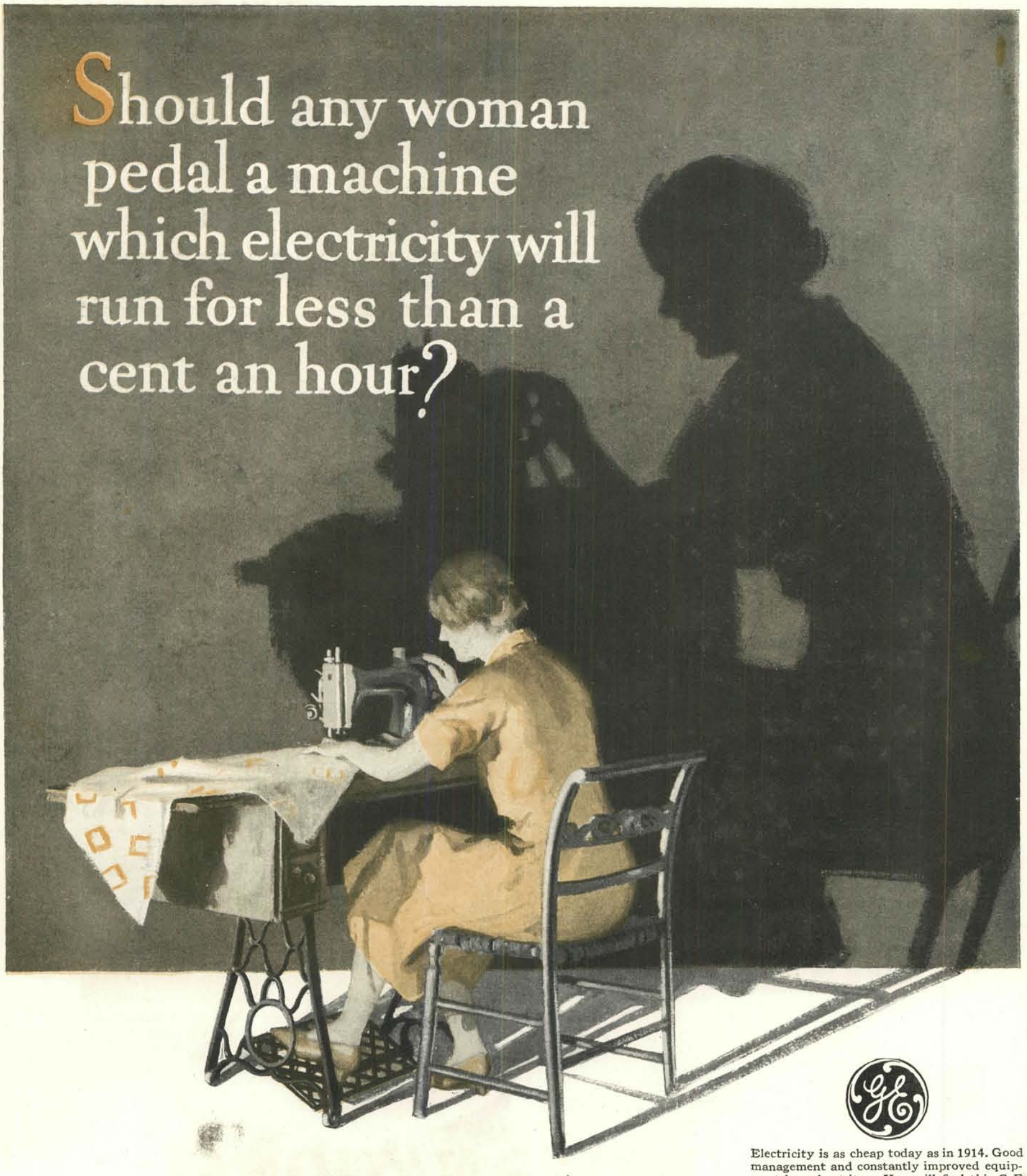
Should any woman pedal a machine which electricity will run for less than a cent an hour?



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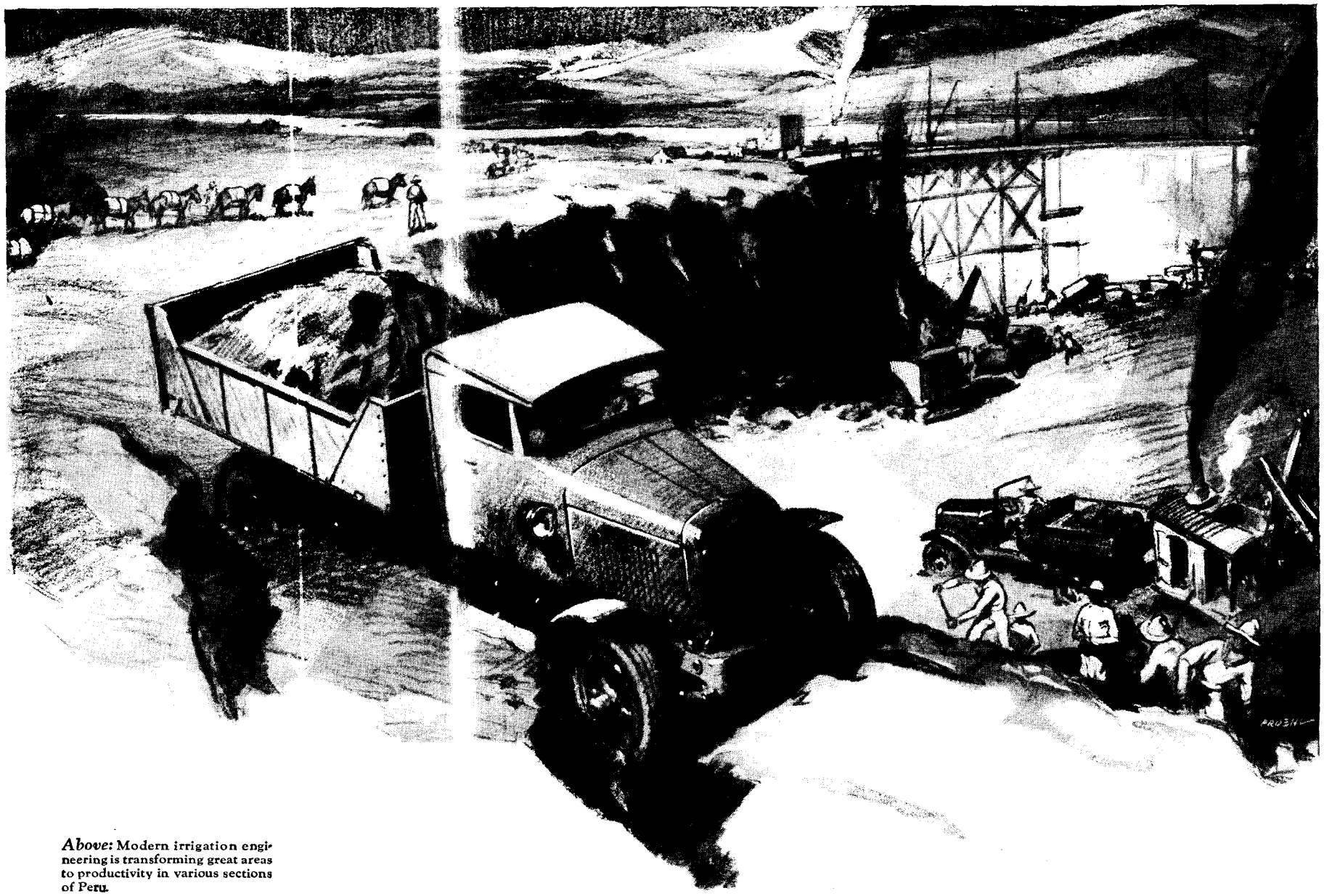
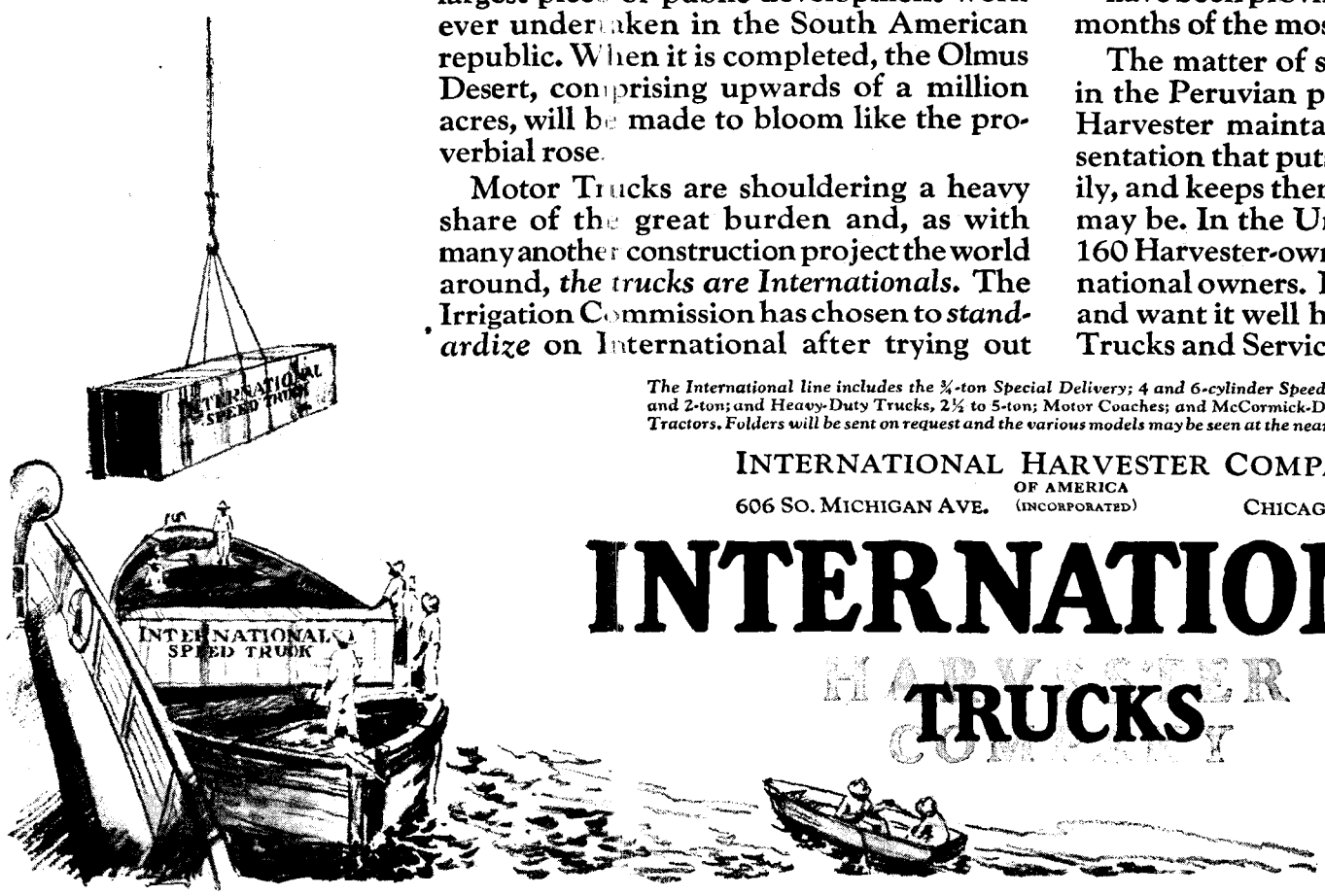


Above: Modern irrigation engineering is transforming great areas to productivity in various sections of Peru.

Below: Cargo of International Trucks being transferred by lighter from the steamer Essequibo to the dock at the port of Pimental. The steamer is touching at this port for the first time, with the largest single delivery of trucks ever made in Peru.



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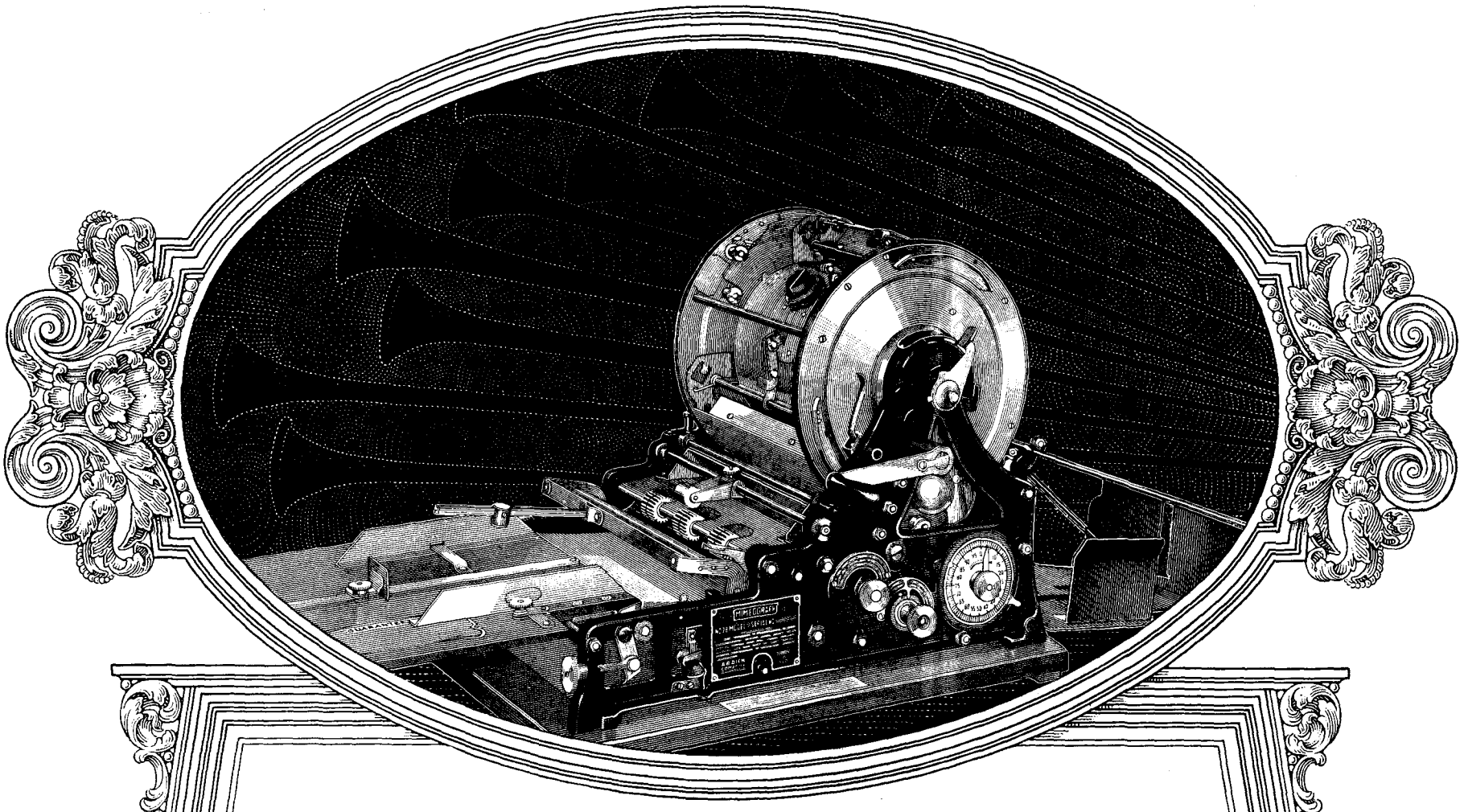

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A Long Yell for Nero

An historical episode compiled from the records of Secundus Fabricator, official sports reporter of the Circus Maximus: edited

by SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

Gabilenus took a good, healthy sock at the expression and missed it by an inch

MATTERS looked bad in the gladiators' college of Arminius Laurens. Time was when that stable of fighting men could lick its weight in transalpine wildcats. But its noble and wealthy young proprietor, once a renowned amateur of the lists, was paying more heed to society than to athletics, and with his slackening of attention the gladiators had grown slovenly in their work. There had been but one death in his arena in six weeks, and that was from fatty degeneration of the heart. To make matters worse, Comio the Prætorian, who had built up a formidable gang of his own by dint of hiring skilled labor right and left without regard to market prices, had issued an open challenge for a general mêlée of all weapons and classes in the Circus Maximus under imperial protection, and Arminius, for his own prestige, had felt constrained to back his lot for more than he could afford to lose.

Now, entering training quarters on this sunny May afternoon with the laudable purpose of bracing up his slack and overfed soldiery, he was disconcerted to come upon Tough Rufus, captain of the team, sitting blinking in the dust of the ring, while a lank, uncouth figure leaned against a pillar a few paces away. The best explanation of his unprofessional posture that Rufus could furnish was that the lank and uncouth person had hit him with a haystack. This did not appeal to Arminius as making good sense.

"Will somebody tell me what it's all about?" he demanded impatiently.

Labius, the secutor, volunteered: "It was like this, noble Arminius. Rufus Horridus and I were having a turn with the bones of fortune—"

"Your customary method of training, I presume."

"We'd been fighting all morning," returned the other, aggrieved. "Old Rufe here, he'd been having a run of bum luck, and he was good and sore. 'There's an ill omen somewheres around,' he says—'I'm jinxed'—and he threw the dog [canem, the lowest combination of dice] again. With that he looks up and sees this bird looking at him with them phony eyes. 'It's you,' he says. 'I'll knock your cock-eyed face off for you.' So he gets up and takes a swing at him, and this guy slaps him cuckoo."

"I shall have to keep you men off the streets soon," said the patron solicitously, "or the blind cripples in front of the Forum will be beating you up and you won't be fit to fight Comio's college." Amid a sulky silence he walked over to the stranger. "Who are you?"

"I'm a simple and untutored child of nature from the tall and oaken timbers," returned the newcomer mildly. "They call me Bosso."

"Hands sore?"

"No."

"Why, then, have you those swathings on them?"

"My fighting gear. Wine skins well stuffed with the wool of the wild ram of Hymettus."

"I don't seem to get you," confessed the young noble. "But perhaps that's only because I was at a party last night. Are you a pugilarius?"

"I've pugled a little."

"He's one of the tirones that blew in last week when you advertised for new blood for the arena," proffered Labius. "And if you ask me, they're the punkest bunch that's hit town since Romulus was a pup."

"Summon Gabilenus," directed the patron.

THE magister ludi, or head trainer, thrust a brutal face from the sleeping quarters, followed by his bulky and knotty form. He was a veteran rudiarius who had been undefeated champion at the cestus before abandoning it for the more profitable short sword. He saluted.

"Gabilenus, here is a young aspirant for a place. He thinks he can box. Prepare, and call me when all is ready."

No sooner was the patron's back turned than the magister stuck his protrusive jaw up under Bosso's nose.

"Who in Erebus do you think you are, and what foul draft from the Cloaca blew you in?"

"I'm only a simple and untutored child of na—"

"Cut the cackle and come to cases. What's your game?"

"I want a job."

"You got your noive," sneered Gabilenus, who was from the Transpontine, or Brooklyn, side of the city. "Doncha know this is the swellest private schola in Rome? What could *you* do?"

"I'm kinda handy with animals, and I got an educated mouse that—"

"*Mouse?* Drag this thing to the spoliarium before it gets any sourer! Slave, fetch out my heavy cestus. And fit this big stiff out with a pair."

They brought to the outlander gloves of strong leather, pliable to the hand and liberally reënforced with lead knobs across the knuckles.

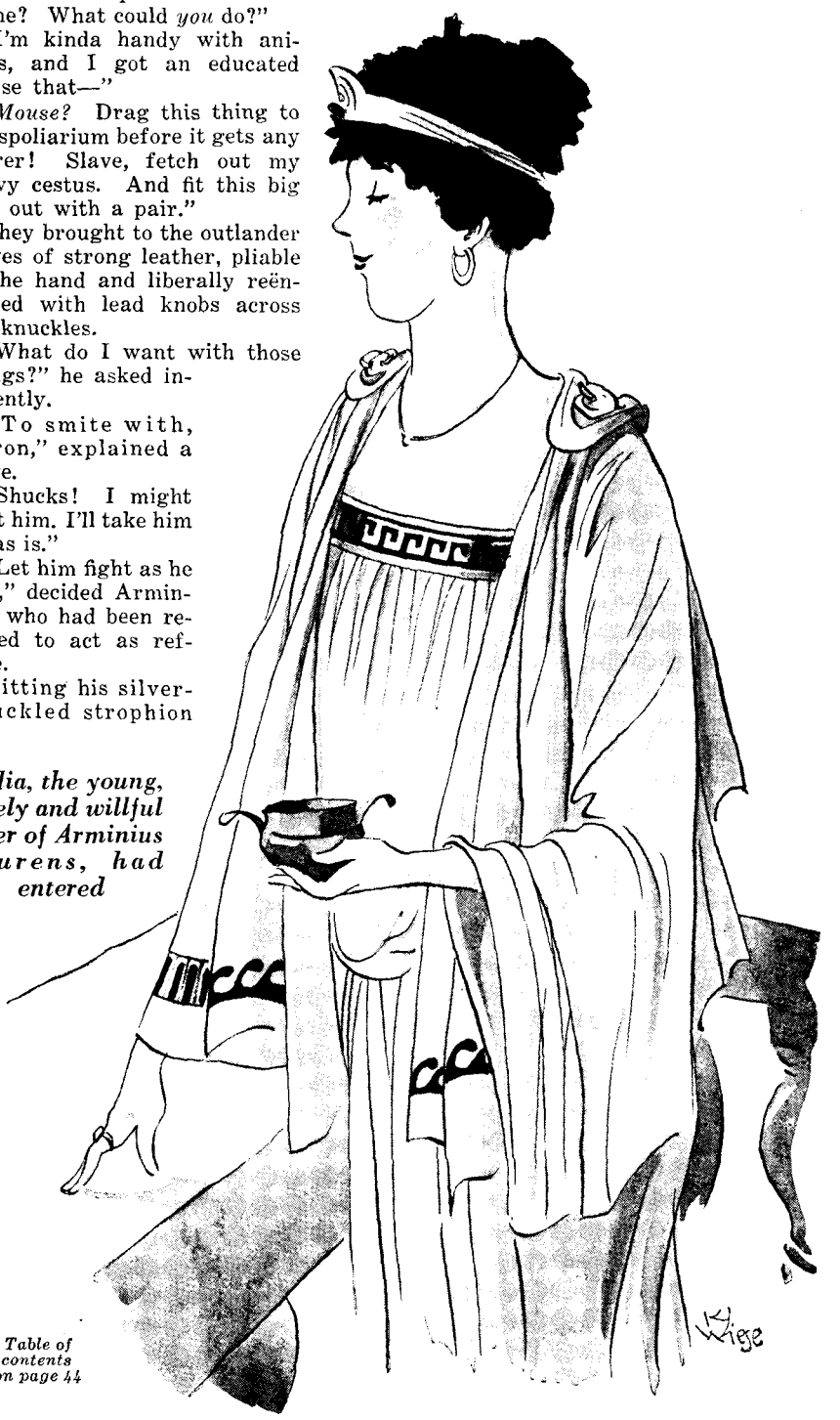
"What do I want with those things?" he asked innocently.

"To smite with, moron," explained a slave.

"Shucks! I might hurt him. I'll take him on as is."

"Let him fight as he will," decided Arminius, who had been recalled to act as referee.

Fitting his silver-knuckled strophion



Lydia, the young, lovely and willful sister of Arminius Laurens, had entered

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over his gnarled fists, Gabilenus stepped forth with a smile of ill-foreboding. Shortly it gave place to a look of surprised displeasure. For his opponent, instead of standing toe to toe and exchanging swat for swat as prescribed by the best usage of the ludi in which the champion had been educated, displayed a singular and persistent faculty of being elsewhere than where he was expected to be.

After half a dozen resultless flurries, the pro observed the face of his adversary change and an expression of wonder and delight pass over it. Gabilenus took a good, healthy sock at the expression, and this time missed it by a scant inch, which was the best he had done up to date.

PIVOTING from the impetus of the blow, he perceived the cause. Lydia, the young, lovely, and willful sister of Arminius Laurens, had entered and established herself in the sedes editoris. Nor was she incompetent to fill the umpire's place, being, like many a patrician virgin of that day, a keen connoisseur of the games. A bout of this character, however, she had never before witnessed, and she presently expressed her expert disfavor in a voice that tingled through Bosso's every nerve: "Barbarian!"

"Meaning me, lady?"

"Certainly. Why don't you stand up and fight?"

"I am fighting," returned Bosso, sidestepping an uppercut that would have removed his jaw had it landed.

"But how can he hit you if you don't stand still?"

"Sic 'm, Tige," said Bosso, and the chase began

"I don't want him to hit me. Do you?"

"No-o-o-o-o," said Lydia, who hadn't thought of that before and found it reasonable enough. She had another thought: "How can you hit him?"

"This way," said Bosso, and the undefeated champion did a Horatius ("fecit Horatii imitationem" is the phrase, meaning, apparently, to take a dive), rolled over and lay quiet.

"Habet," *proclaimed Arminius.*

"Habet," echoed the girl with a quick laugh of surprise and pleasure. "A prodigy!" she declared. "Some wallop!" (Aliquid colaphi!)

Gabilenus staggered up painfully. "Magic," he whimpered, which in those days was the usual form of claiming a foul against a victorious opponent. "I never yet seen a guy with those kind of eyes that wasn't a wrong 'un."

"To your corner!" commanded Arminius. He walked over to the girl in the umpire's seat and said crossly, "I thought you'd left Rome."

She tossed her head. "Why should I?"

"You know well enough why."

"Right in the height of the season," she pouted. "Don't be silly, brother mine."

"Are you a vestal or aren't you?"

"Of course I'm a vestal. Therefore I'm safe anywhere."

"Not against—" He stopped and lowered his voice. "It was the palace procurer and his band of fighting slaves that pursued your litter last week."

"I've always understood that the emperor had an arty eye," returned the girl saucily. The beauty of her face changed from gay to grave. She set hand to her girdle, and the steel and gold of a slender dagger flashed. "I am of Ramnian blood, and if necessity press I should know how to kill or die. And," she concluded mutinously, "no man, be he Cæsar or slave, can run me off the free highways of Rome."

The visiting pugilatus could no longer repress his enthusiasm. "Atta girl!" he burst out. (Ecce puella!)

She turned to gaze down at a friendly grin set in a memorable environment. Above it was a bristle of red hairs, below a chin like the crag of Charybdis. Off the southeast corner an incompletely healed scar showed a sultry weal, and opposite lurked and peeped an incredible but authentic dimple. The rest of the face was made up chiefly of protrusive bones, tight-lined with sun-hardened skin and lighted by cross currents from the most diagonal and the bluest eyes that the girl had ever seen. An astoundingly, a stunningly homely face, thought the lovely Lydia; homely and hideous—no, not hideous; not even repellent, for that tangled assortment of spare-part features somehow expressed a spirit wildly, humorously, invincibly attractive.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"I'm only a simple and untutored child of nature from the tall and oaken timbers. Name, Bosso."

"But what do you do? And where are you from? And how did you get here and all that?" she persisted in keen curiosity as Arminius, with a warning glance, answered a summons from the atrium.

"Why, I'm a little of everything, sister," answered the barbarian equably. His gangling height was such that, as he lounged against the wall of the arena, their faces were almost level. "I'm a kind of an animal trainer and a kind of a tramp and a kind of a pugilatus—"

"A very funny kind, I think."

"I haven't got much style, I admit. Everything I know I had to learn for myself, except for a couple of years when they caught me and put me in school in Athens and tried to make a poet out of me."

"Oh! Are you a literate too? How quaint! Do get your lyre and recite me something."

"I don't need any lyre, sister. Here's a little thing I tossed off last week to chant in the streets if I couldn't find a better job." He intoned:

"The guy that's straight and on the level
Need have no fear of god nor devil.
What matters that the archers Moorish
Pot-shot at him? Their aim is poorish.
Why, even if Imperial Cæsar
Should set a price upon his beezer,
You couldn't hope to faze that geezer."

"I think it's sweet!" exclaimed Lydia.

"It's just kinda the way I look at life. A guy that I met at a rough party down in the tannery ward gave me ten sestertii for the Roman rights of it. Claimed he was a fashionable poet; Horace[1], I think he said his name was. But he was soused." (Obfuscatus fuit.)

"Horace is a *marvelous* poet. But I think you're just as good. Why didn't you keep on at it?"

"Well, you can't eat laurels unless you're a goat. I ran away and got into a swell little war back in the mountains until one of your damn Roman legions butted in and chased me into the caves. I lived pretty lean for a while till I caught me a young bear and trained him. I got on to this pugilatus trick from him."

"Don't be absurd. How could a bear teach a man to fight—if you call it that?"

"IT WAS this way, lady. We used to put up a little sparring show in the market places, but I couldn't teach Tunnius to keep his claws in when he got interested. So I faked up some pads to cover 'em with. Then it kinda seemed a raw trick to muffle him up, and me with the bare mauleys, so I made another pair of bags for myself."

The girl's lip curled. "I think that's childish. When we Romans fight, we fight to win."

"Oh, well, a Roman's something else again. But a bear is a square shooter and it's up to you to be on the level with him."

"You rate a bear higher than a Roman?"

"I'll say I do! Most bears, and most Romans. When I came to fight Romans I made a discovery that I've never yet told to anybody."

"Tell it to me," wheedled the girl.

"You're a Roman, but Ulysses took a chance, and so will I. Here's the idea. A cestus cuts a man up and leaves him full of fight. But if you soak him with a soft pad he's soaked for good and stays soaked. I dunno why it is, but that's that."

"How strange!" said she interestedly.

"I wonder if you're right. Did it work with the bear?"

"Oh, I wouldn't hit him like I would a Roman. I like animals. Wouldn't be without one somewhere round."

"Have you got your bear here? I'd love to see him."

"No. But I've got my mouse. Come out and speak to the beautiful lady Hierotrismegistus."

A SMALL and sleek mouse emerged from some lair in the clothing of the pugilatus and perched on his shoulder. Lydia shivered all through her young body, but, remembering that she was of the seed of heroes, steeled herself to show no fear before this fighting man.

"D-d-does he box?" she asked politely if faintly.

"No. He speaks prophecies."

"Oh! Could he tell the omens for me?"

"Certainly. Look the pretty young goddess over, Hi, and spill what's in your mind."

The creature scanned Lydia knowingly, then squeaked confidentially in his master's ear. "He says," translated Bosso, "that you are menaced by a grave and shameful danger, but that if you accept the services of one who would gladly die for you, you will yet escape the peril and find happiness."

"One who would gladly die for me?" repeated Lydia softly. She had forgotten Hierotrismegistus, who regarded her benevolently from his perch. "Would anyone gladly die when the world is so full of delight?"

"Well, I may be only a simple and untutored child of nature from the tall and oaken timbers, but that's the way I feel about it—about you."

"Have a care. Here comes Brother. Has he taken you for his schola?"

"Not yet."

"Leave it to me."

Bosso withdrew some paces, and while the two young people conferred, drew forth a small skin pouch and, shaking some brownish dust into the capacious palm of his hand, applied it to his nose. A puff of wind wafted part of it away. At once brother and sister sneezed violently.

"A portent!" cried Arminius. "My nose tingles like the scurf of Tartarus."

"And mine like the shirt of Nessus," added Lydia. "Bid your mouse interpret that to us, Bosso."

"My mouse is an honest beastie and would scorn to deceive. It is naught but the leaf of a strange and pungent weed from the wind-threshed Syrtes."

Lydia wrinkled her delicate nose. "Nevertheless it is not unpleasant."

"Packed in a hollow reed and burnt, as do the wild folk of that region, it produces a smoke which at first dizzies and bewilders him who breathes it in, but thereafter enwraps him in sweet and philosophic calm."[2]

"Oh, teach me!" cried Lydia, and drew a hard look from her brother.

"Remember," he chided her, "you are speaking to a mere gladiator."

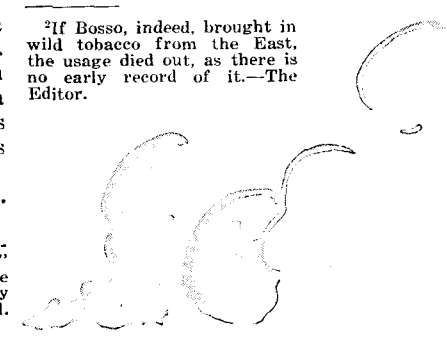
"I love gladiators," retorted the spoiled young patrician.

Arminius turned to the outlander. "What do you seek?"

"A job as bodyguard," was the prompt reply. "This lady here needs a reliable husk to look after her when she

[1]This seems to carry the implication that Horace plagiarized his immortal "Integer Vitæ" from an obscure and semiliterate poetaster of the slums, a charge not to be entertained seriously without better supporting proof than is afforded. —The Editor.

[2]If Bosso, indeed, brought in wild tobacco from the East, the usage died out, as there is no early record of it.—The Editor.



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goes out for a stroll. Gimme half a dozen picked men to train and I'll guarantee to keep her as safe as Ven—I mean as Minerva," he amended hastily.

"You go too fast," frowned the patrician. "However, you may enlist in my schola and we shall see. Go you, now, and take the oath."

"What oath is that?"

"To be scourged with whips, put to death with the sword or be burnt alive at the will of the trainer."

"Who's the trainer?"

"Gabilenus."

"That fat slob? He don't look to me as if he had any sense of humor at all," protested Bosso. "S'pose he took the thing seriously?"

"Such is the discipline of the lanista. Otherwise how could I be assured of your faithfulness and courage?"

"Look at his face," put in Lydia impatiently. "You may not like it, in spots, but you've simply *got* to trust it. And I do need a better guard."

"Oh, very well! Go and get fed." The successful applicant departed joyously.

WITHIN a fortnight Bosso, who had shown no mean ability as an organizer, was captain of a bodyguard of six huskies attendant upon the lovely lady Lydia wherever she fared publicly, and street fighting of a quality and frequency unequaled since the early days of the volunteer fire gangs rejoiced the souls of the citizens. All this was excellent training for the new recruit and his squad as well as unfailing diversion for Lydia, who began to sit up and take notice in a manner unusual, not to say unfashionable, among the patrician ladies of that languid period. It was even whispered that the outlander had taught her a magic whereby she could vanish in a cloud of smoke, dragon-jetted from her own aristocratic mouth, nose and ears.

Bosso was certainly getting plenty of fighting, but it was amateur stuff and gave him no standing in the professional world. Hence Arminius Laurens was the more surprised at his next proposition:

"When do we tackle the Schola Comio?"

"In the tenth session of the Dies Fasti; hardly a month distant."

"They'll chase us up Salt River."

"I DO wish you'd speak Latin when you address me," returned the other, who often found himself puzzled by the uncouth expressions of the barbarian. (Lydia thought them just too quaint for words!)

"I'm telling you they'll make bums out of us."

"Defeat my schola? Why?"

"Because our lot is softer than a bunch of kept ladies from Dovesnest Alley; that's why. You can't train on stewed lampreys, red ink of Osnia and cogged dice."

"Hell's hare-lipped harpies!" said Arminius violently. "What is Gabilenus thinking of?"

"His happy home, if you ask me," grinned the other. "You'll find him up the Flaminia Street sewer a coupla hundred feet. You can tell him from the other rats by the sandal prints on the seat of his toga."

"Sandal prints!"

"Well, he started the argument, and I finished it. How about giving me his job?"

"You? Why, you're a mere pugilatus."

"What of it? Apollo boxed with Ares, didn't he? And King Amycos put 'em up with his pros. So you can't claim it's scab labor. Listen here, Arminius, I may be a simple and untut— Oh, all right! All *right!* What I'm saying is that when it comes to putting pep and punch [vim et virtutem] into a moribund organization I'm the original wise guy [homo sapiens primordius] if I do say it myself. Look at what the Lady Lydia Guards have done to make the streets of Rome safe for democracy! Why, the cockiest curator in Nero's crack regiment will shin up a shrine and stay there if he even thinks he hears us coming around the corner."

"There may be something in what you say." Arminius lay back to let a slave girl cool his brow with unguents, for he had attended a stag dinner given by Petronius Arbiter the evening before and was feeling far from rugged. "Go ahead and try it and don't bother me. I've got the seven heads of hydra this morning, and each of 'em feels worse than the other."

Thus informally commissioned, Bosso returned to the lanista and summoned the motley crowd of fighting men. There were Suevii (*Continued on page 39*)

Illustrated by KURT WIESE

Around and around the circumscribed space fled the miserable monster, presumably cursing the management for not having staged the event in a hundred-mile ring, with Hi toiling valiantly in his rear

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The Iron Man Comes Back

Seven years ago your good friend the dollar looked like 40 cents. But it has staged an amazing comeback and incidentally given your income a buying boost.

The man who sticks to old-fashioned methods is grumbling about bad business

SOMEWHERE out where the West begins there are two brickyards. They are not very far apart, but in one of them the men get paid $40 a week. In the other they must work for $18 a week.

The $18 men work 10 hours a day. The $40 men work 8 hours a day. The $40 man turns out 1,200 bricks a day. The $18 man uses up 3½ days to make that much.

Those $18 men are altogether too expensive for that up-to-date brickyard. It can't afford such cheap help. They make bricks the way it was done by the Israelites back in Egypt when Moses, the first walking delegate, called the first big bricklayers' strike recorded.

These two brickyards represent two orders—the old and the new. One of them explains the talk we hear about good business. The other explains some of the grumbling we hear about bad business. One of them explains why the prices of some things remain high. The other why prices of so many things have continued to drop until almost everywhere we go we hear business men puzzling about this strange decline in prices.

The Forty-cent Dollar

THE Treasury Department is getting ready to issue a smaller dollar bill—but no one cares very much how wide or how long a dollar is. What we are interested in is how strong it is. It's the noise it makes in a department store. How much merchandise can it lift?

Well, it did get awfully weak for a while. It wasn't like a dollar at all. The war really made our dear old dollar look like 30 cents—like 40 cents to be exact. That's what it was worth in 1920—and in some stores it was worth a good deal less.

Later on it began to improve—to take on flesh and develop a little muscle. Then about September, 1925, prices began to drop again, and of course the purchasing power of the dollar began to rise. Wall Street said: "It's nothing—prices will start up soon again," but all the time prices kept going lower.

That Salary Raise—You've Got It

THEN some nervous business men got panicky. "If this doesn't stop," they said, "it will destroy us. These prices will ruin our business." But prices kept going down while business kept going up. They have kept going down, down, down, and all the time stocks have been going up, up, up. And all the time merchants have been selling more and more and more and the profits of corporations getting larger and larger and larger.

In February, 1925, the dollar, judged by pre-war standards, was worth just 61 cents. At the beginning of 1926 it was worth 63 cents. At the end of 1926 it was worth 65.5 cents. In July of last year it was worth 72 cents.

In other words, every dollar we earn is now worth 11 cents more than it was worth in 1925 and 30 cents more than in 1919. If you were getting $30 a week in 1925 and are still getting $30, it is just the same as getting a raise of $3.30 a week. To the man getting $50 a week it is the same as a raise of $5.50 a week. To the man getting $100 a week it is equal to a salary raise of $11 a week.

Our national income is about 1½ billion dollars a week. This new price level means, therefore, that our income is worth about $165,000,000 more every week than it would be if the prices of 1925 were still in force.

We have about 10 billion dollars in our savings banks. The purchasing power of that money is now about $1,100,000,000 more than it would have been under the old prices of 1925. Since 1919 the value of the dollar has increased about 30 cents. In 1919 we had just about $6,500,000,000 in our savings banks. Therefore if we had not added another nickel to that money, either in principal or interest, it would now be about $8,450,000,000 in purchasing power through the sheer advance of the dollar.

The economic consequences of all this are stupendous. "No profits!" complain some. Why, last year the dividends and extra dividends of corporations exceeded anything in our history. But let us see what it means to the man who gets his wages on Saturday and starts out with his wife to distribute them among the merchants in the neighborhood.

The butter he paid 70 cents for in 1919 he now gets for 59.5 cents. Or if he uses oleomargarine he can get for 30 cents what then cost him 38 cents. Corn flakes which then cost him 14 cents he now gets for 11 cents. He can buy a can of corn for 15.6 cents. Then it cost him 19 cents. He can get a can of peas for 16.7 cents which then cost him 19 cents. The humble but mighty prune then cost 29 cents a pound. Now it can be had for 16.2 cents. Canned tomatoes, then 16.2 cents, are now 12.2 cents. Rice, then 17 cents, is now 11 cents. Sugar cost 19.4 cents in 1919; now it is 7.3 cents.

To put the thing somewhat more simply: our old-fashioned dollar used to be worth just 20 nickels. But in 1919 it had got so weak and lost its lifting power so sadly that it was worth in a store only 8 nickels. In the last seven years we have built it up a penny at a time until now we have added 6 more nickels to its value. We have squeezed in two additional nickels in the last two years.

All this is encouraging. But it really tells only part of the story. It will surprise many people to learn that there are a good many things which are actually cheaper now than before the war. Calfskins, for instance, which cost .189 cents in 1913 now cost .167 cents. Copper used to bring about .157 in the pre-war days. Now it is little over 13 cents a pound, and the hope of the industry is to get it to 14 cents.

Everybody knows how cotton, which sold for 15 cents in 1913, got down to 12.8 cents last year. There are a lot of other things, like various sorts of hides, cottonseed, tallow, acids, certain coal-tar colors, ammonia, some fertilizers, menthol and various chemicals which are down now well under the price they commanded before the war.

But this is in the wholesale field. I think the shopper who will examine the figures will be amazed at some of the facts he can uncover about prices in a day's visit to the stores. The number of things which can be purchased now as cheaply as in 1913, or for very little more and in many cases for a good deal less, is astonishing.

Cheaper Than Before the War

STROLL through a department store. Here are some beautiful imitation ivory toilet articles and sets. Here is a set priced at $12.90. I got the buyer to look up the 1913 price. It was $25. Across the aisle are safety razors for $3.75 which brought $5 before the war. Twelve blades for that razor used to cost $1 in 1913. Now you get 10 for 79 cents. A little way down the line are wardrobe trunks for $23.95. Before the war the same trunk cost $35.

Here is a clock for which I paid $4 before the war. Today I can buy it for

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By JOHN T. FLYNN

$3.75. And in the jewelry department what amazing changes may be noticed! Here are sterling silver hollow-ware articles which are far cheaper than in 1913. And plated forks and spoons for 20 cents apiece that could not have been bought for 30 cents in the good old days!

Over in another department are silk stockings—full-fashioned hose—for 79 cents, 95 cents and $1.25—which are far better than could have been bought before the war.

Watch the windows as you float along your shopping streets. The dollar shirt has actually come back, and it's not a bad piece of work by any means.

I examined overcoats for $30 apiece which would have cost that price, or near it, before the war.

Just Look at the 5-and-10

WHEN you get to the five-and-ten-cent stores the marvels are almost unnumbered.

Here is a saw, for sale in parts, for 20 cents. It could not have been duplicated before the war for $1. Here are radium silk stockings—for 20 cents a pair. Here are handkerchiefs for a nickel and garters for a dime. Here are razor blades for a nickel which are better than those costing a dime before the war.

As a matter of fact, the whole five-and-ten-cent store is a case in point. Almost all the things that cost a dime before the war still cost a dime, and almost all the things that cost a nickel still cost a nickel. With this difference: in almost all cases the quality is immensely superior. And there are hundreds of articles for sale there now for a nickel and a dime which could not have been bought before the war for less than a quarter, a half dollar and a dollar.

Our electric light is actually cheaper because we have a bulb now which gives us more light with less current. An expert has estimated that if we were still using the old bulbs our electric-light bill would be about 2 billion dollars a year more than it is.

We have got so used to talking about what things used to cost in the old days and how prices have gone up that we have hardly noticed how they have been sliding down, down.

Now, this apparently irresistible and downward sweep of prices is one of the most important phenomena in our national life. It isn't just a matter of making our dollars fatter. It's what has been put into our lives. It's the changes that are being made in our manners, our habits, our very civilization itself.

We know that wages have risen, that working hours have been shortened, that railroad rates are higher, that raw materials cost more, that money is more plentiful and the demand for everything is increased. In short, all the factors that usually force prices up are present with us. Yet prices almost everywhere have moved steadily down.

We may well ask what is there in this gigantic industrial machine we have built here in America that produces this result? And of course that is the explanation of it—it's the machine.

In place of the old cracker-barrel days and small-town methods have come size, motion huge and feverish, and a ceaseless war on inefficiency and waste.

There is something breathless about it. And in reality the machine age is just beginning.

You're in a New World

FOR decades we were using machines in industry. But for the most part they were just power-driven tools. We are only beginning to learn how to use the machines. Manufacture is a series of processes. We intrusted some of the processes of the series to the machines and others to men. But wherever men entered the series it was slowed up. Wherever they put their hands they left cost marks all over the article. Men are being taken away from the jobs. The whole process is being turned over to the machine. Everybody is familiar with the simple little tubes in which toothpaste and shaving cream and various salves and cosmetics are sold. Well, those little tubes are made by eight different machines. Formerly some 8 to 14 days after the first operation these tubes were ready for shipment.

The manufacturers thought they had a wonderfully developed machine process. But along came an engineer who put all of these machines in a row.

The result? The finished product was on the platform in an hour. The machines were not speeded. The time had been lost in riding them around the factory.

Some years ago an automobile manufacturer actually boasted that his car, in evolving from the raw state to the finished product, traveled 3½ miles round his factory. Not so long ago he boasted that now the car in process of assembly does not travel more than 50 feet.

No one can travel about without being struck by the conflicting comment one hears about business. One man tells you it is excellent and getting better. Another tells you it is awful and getting worse. After a while you are bewildered and wonder what is the explanation.

The explanation is that both are right.

Business is good and getting better. It is bad and getting worse. The growl comes from those who have not kept step with this driving, modern movement.

It is the murmur from the old order passing—and passing as it always does with a protest and an anathema on the new which is crowding it out—which brings us back to the two brick yards with which we started: this explanation runs almost through the whole fabric of American business.

(*Continued on page 45*)

In place of the old cracker-barrel days and small-town methods have come size, motion huge and feverish, and a ceaseless war on inefficiency and waste. There is something breathless about it. And in reality the machine age is just beginning.

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But that isn't All

By LUCIAN CARY

Illustrated by FRANK GODWIN

"I can explain it," he said. "I can explain it all"

THERE used to be a theory that love conquers all. The young man who drank fell in love and straightway reformed. The young man who had never shown a trace of ambition fell in love and became active, energetic and aggressive.

Cynics have hammered this theory until it is sadly bent. And modern science backs them up. Any psychologist will tell you that people do not change their fundamental attitudes after they are four or five years old. Young women no longer believe in the magical powers of love. Indeed, this may be the real difference between the girl of the period and her grandmother. The modern girl says: Once a dud, always a dud.

Nevertheless there is the case of Harry Farnum.

Harry belonged to a Connecticut family that had lived in Deep Harbor since the beginning. He was a tall, good-looking, well-built and mannerly young man. But he was lazy. He was so lazy that he would rather listen than talk. He was so lazy that they finally sent him home from Yale. He loafed around home until his father died, leaving him an income of slightly more than $100 a month and a letter of advice. His father wrote:

"I regret to say that I fear for your future. I am leaving the house in which the Farnums have always lived to your Aunt Emmeline. I feel sure that she will be glad to have you keep your room in it. I am leaving you a life interest in certain property. I have done my best to tie it up so that you cannot sell it or lose it or hypothecate it. This so that you will not actually starve. For the rest, I advise you to find some way of using your remarkable talent for explaining things. It has often seemed to me that you could explain anything. I don't suppose that anybody will pay you much for it. But, aside from your amiable and agreeable manner, it is the only gift you possess."

HARRY went to work a few months later for the New York real-estate firm of Wicksted & Wickersham. He soon made a niche for himself. Wicksted & Wickersham had the management of several enormous apartment buildings in Park Avenue—the sort of apartments that rent for from ten thousand to fifty thousand a year. It is an axiom of apartment management that the more the tenant pays the more he kicks. Wicksted & Wickersham had their share of kicks from tenants they could not afford to offend. Harry drifted into the position of kick receiver. In time Wicksted & Wickersham observed that Harry could explain anything. He rose to a salary of $3,500 a year. But there was little chance that he would ever rise higher. Thirty-five hundred a year is a good salary for explaining.

And Harry would never have done anything about it if it hadn't been for the girl from Chicago. He would never have kicked for more money. He was not a kicker. He was impressed with the futility of kicking. He was too good at explaining kicks away. Besides, he was too content. He had a small apartment in New York. He spent his weekends with his Aunt Emmeline in Deep Harbor. He had a little four-cylinder roadster in which he rattled over to the Deep Harbor Country Club to play nine holes of golf or to attend a Saturday night dance. He wanted nothing more.

The girl from Chicago came on just after Christmas that year to visit Kitty van Blarcom. They had gone to the same finishing school, or something. Harry met her at dinner Friday night. She left Sunday afternoon for New York. In that brief interval Harry became a changed man.

He told his Aunt Emmeline Sunday night that he was leaving Wicksted & Wickersham.

"But I thought that you had practically a life job there," she protested.

Harry was in the kitchen helping her get Sunday-night supper.

"Yes," he said, "I thought so too."

"But I thought they liked you, Harry," Aunt Emmeline continued. "I thought you had made good and that they knew it. I thought they appreciated you."

Harry was slicing wafer-thin slices of ham, the way his Aunt Emmeline liked ham to be sliced.

"I believe they do," he said briefly. "But I'm leaving them just the same. I'm going to start a real-estate office in Deep Harbor."

Aunt Emmeline almost dropped the plate of bread she had picked up to carry into the dining-room.

"Something's happened," she said.

Harry laughed. "Yes," he said, "I've fallen in love with a girl from Chicago named Mabel Barker. As things are I haven't a chance in the world to get her. She's sailing for Paris tomorrow, to be gone six months or so. When she comes back it'll be a case of make or break. But I figure I've got that six months in which to make good."

Aunt Emmeline took the plate of bread into the dining-room. She was thoughtfully silent until they sat down to supper. Then she talked.

"I think you're foolish to give up a good job, in which you've done well, to start a business of your own. This town is full of real-estate agents now, and not one of them is making any more money than you are. You've fallen in love, and you feel humble in consequence. But there's no reason why you shouldn't get any girl you've a mind to. Women always have liked you. Lots of them have told me what a good talker you are."

"They mean that I'm a good listener, Aunt Emmy—it's they who do the talking."

"YES," Aunt Emmeline said, "and what a relief it must be to them! Most men are always talking about themselves and what they're going to do. And if a woman wants to please them she has to listen. You really do seem to enjoy listening, Harry, and women like you for it."

"Yes," Harry said, "they do seem to like to talk to me. But they fall for the other chaps—the ones who make them listen."

"Didn't you get on with this girl, Harry?"

"Yes," Harry admitted. "I did. I got on so well that—well, it was like this: here was the girl I've been dreaming about all my life. She has everything—she's pretty and she's full of life and she's—she's real. She took me right off my feet. I never rushed a girl so hard in my life. And I know she liked me. But what'll happen when she wakes up and finds that I've got a piffling job and no prospects and nobody takes me seriously? I want to marry her. And I'm going to be where I can marry her or break my neck trying."

"Money isn't everything," Aunt Emmeline said.

"No," Harry replied. "Though if you think I'm going to ask a girl whose father is a millionaire, and who has always had everything, to live in a two-room flat, you're mistaken. But it goes deeper than that. Her father made his money. He's a go-getter. All the men she knows are that sort. I'm going to be one too. I've got to be."

"You sound different," Aunt Emmeline said. "You sound as if you meant it."

"I do," Harry said.

And he did mean it. He went into New York the next day and arranged to quit his job on a week's notice. He rented the vacant offices over the drug store; had a sign painted; hired little Rosie O'Brien, just out of business college, to answer the telephone, and started out in his little car to comb the village and the countryside for places he could list for sale.

Fortunately he knew nearly everybody. People liked him and trusted him, but they made it clear they expected nothing from him. They were willing to list their property with him. What difference did it make?

Harry began to advertise in the classified column of the New York papers. He spent hours in framing brief but alluring descriptions of old Colonial houses with three fireplaces, Dutch oven, and lilac in the dooryard. He spent other hours taking lookers about in Aunt Emmeline's sedan. They admired the countryside; they got enthusiastic over some of the old houses, but they went away saying what New Yorkers had always said: Deep Harbor was too far to commute from. Harry sold nothing.

AUNT EMMELINE came home late for dinner one afternoon in March. She was unusually silent. Harry finally asked her what was on her mind.

"I can't bear to tell you," she said. "The truth is that old Miss Fanshawe was there this afternoon, so excited she overbid her hand every time. Wesley Jones has just had an offer of $30,000 for her house and she's been trying to sell it all these years for $25,000."

"Did she say who was buying it?"

"Some broker in New York made the offer to Wesley—Jackson & Chestwick, I think she said."

"Johnson, Chestwick & Johnson," Harry said aloud. And then to himself he said: "That's the loveliest old place in Deep Harbor—four acres of lawn with magnificent oaks and elms and

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The story of a young man in love who could explain anything

"Oh, you can, can you?" Mabel smiled a faint scornful smile at such presumption

boxwood a hundred years old. And the house is nearly perfect. All it needs is three or four more baths and a good heating plant and perhaps some new floors. If it were in Fairport, it would bring sixty thousand—why, it's a mansion."

The next thing he knew he was putting on his hat and coat.

"Where are you going?" Aunt Emmeline asked.

"To see Miss Fanshawe," he said as he went out of the door.

It was a moonlight night—the kind of night to cast a glamour over the bare March trees and the bare March earth. It cast a glamour over the old Fanshawe place. It brought back all Harry Farnum's faith in Deep Harbor.

HE WENT in and persuaded Miss Fanshawe to refer the New York brokers to him. He would get her forty thousand for the place or let Wesley Jones have the sale. Miss Fanshawe was inclined to prefer thirty thousand sure to forty thousand in the realm of phantasy. But Harry did it.

He had one awful moment of doubt when he was walking home. If he failed, he would never hear the last of it in Deep Harbor. He had to keep thinking hard about Mabel Barker to keep himself from going back and making another and a lesser proposition to Miss Fanshawe. But he managed to walk firmly on. And a week later he sat through a terrific bombardment with the man from Johnson, Chestwick & Johnson's. It was a game of cold bluff on his part and angry bluff on theirs. But he came out of it with a binder at $50,000.

The results of that episode were far-reaching. Deep Harbor heard about it. And Harry's prospective clients decided one minute that there was more to that young Farnum than they had ever supposed and the next minute that they had greatly undervalued the properties they had listed with him. Deep Harbor real estate practically doubled in theoretical value overnight. It was rumored that the man who had paid so outrageous a price—but reasonable when you came to think of it—for the Fanshawe place was the president of a New York bank and the owner of a New York department store.

The effect on Harry Farnum was direct and profound. It gave him courage to go to Mrs. Frankford Wood with a proposition. Mrs. Frankford Wood owned over two hundred acres on the Sound, with an enormous house, a dock big enough to take a 100-foot yacht, a bathing beach. The late Frankford Wood had been a man of grandiose ideas. His widow was short of cash. She was willing to sell for $1,000 an acre.

Harry listened as they sat in the great drawing-room under a chandelier of glass that Frankford Wood was said to have paid $5,000 for in France. Mrs. Wood talked freely.

"I can't help thinking you could get more than $200,000," Harry said. "You might get $250,000 if you could wait six months. It takes time to turn over as big a thing as this. I'd hold out for $250,000 if I were you."

"But I can't hold out three months," Mrs. Wood replied. "I've got to have several thousand right now."

"How many thousand?" Harry asked.

"At least five thousand."

Harry looked at her. She was worried sick.

"What would you think of this, Mrs. Wood," he asked. "Suppose I should offer you $5,000 for a six months' option at $200,000? You get the $5,000 immediately, and if I fail to take up the option within six months the $5,000 is yours."

Mrs. Wood shook her head.

"Six months is too long. I can't tie it up—not that long."

"All right," Harry Farnum said. "I'll give you $5,000 for a three months' option at $200,000."

"When?" Mrs. Wood asked.

"Tomorrow or next day."

"Tomorrow—yes," she said. She was a plump, amiable little woman. But worry about money had driven her to distraction, uncovered a harsh streak in her somewhere. "The day after tomorrow—no," she said bitterly.

Harry hadn't the least idea where he could get $5,000 in cash within twenty-four hours. He tried the bank, and the bank wasn't interested. He talked to Aunt Emmeline. She had more than $5,000 tucked away in negotiable bonds. Harry proposed that he assign his income of approximately $1,300 a year to her as security. Thus she would be protected against loss and have money coming in as well.

Aunt Emmeline pursed her lips in a way she had when money was mentioned. Harry guessed that she was going to refuse.

"Your father would turn in his grave if he knew you'd borrowed money on that income he left you," Aunt Emmeline said. "I wouldn't go against his wishes."

"But I might make thirty or forty thousand on the deal," Harry protested.

AUNT EMMELINE shook her head. "Makes no difference if you stood to get half a million dollars," she said. "You might lose—mightn't you?"

Harry laughed in spite of himself.

"It's a whale of a gamble," he admitted. "I'd stand at least an even chance to lose."

"That's what I thought," Aunt Emmeline said. "And I won't do it. Besides, I'd rather do something else. I'd rather take a share in the gamble myself."

"What?" Harry cried. Aunt Emmeline always mourned if she lost thirty-seven cents at bridge.

She nodded vigorously. "I'll lend you $5,000 on two conditions. The first is that if you do sell the place at a profit I double my money."

Harry grinned. "Fair enough," he said.

"The other condition is—if you lose, no more is said about it."

"You mean you want to risk $5,000—double or quits?" Harry asked.

"Yes," Aunt Emmeline said. "That's it exactly."

HARRY looked at her in astonishment. She was a maiden lady of fifty who had always lived on a smallish income and never taken a chance of any kind in her life. She was shrewd, and she was cautious.

"I couldn't think of it," he said.

"Then you don't get the five thousand," Aunt Emmeline said.

"But you're crazy, Aunt Emmy. You don't know what a risky thing this is. I'm going to try to sell that place for $250,000 inside of three months. But most people wouldn't think I had one chance in twenty of doing it."

"Most people don't know as much about you as I do," Aunt Emmeline said.

"Oh, come," Harry said. "Three months ago you were advising me not to quit a good job to start up in business for myself."

"Three months ago was three months ago," Aunt Emmeline replied. "You're a different man—now."

"Do you really think so, Aunt Emmy?"

"I know it. I never saw such a change in a man in my life. I don't know how that girl did it—but she did. She must be an extraordinary woman."

In the end Aunt Emmeline got her way about the $5,000 and Harry began to learn what real anxiety is.

He spent first four, and then five, and then six days a week in New York hunting a buyer for Mrs. Frankford Wood's two hundred acres. He wrote blind ads. He made propositions to hotel men, clubs and millionaires. And in the first eleven weeks of his twelve weeks' option he got just one nibble.

He told himself he was a fool to hope. He told Aunt Emmy she was a fool to hope.

"It's the most mixed-up situation I ever heard of," he told her. "Mrs. Wood has gone crazy. Because I can't sell her place for $250,000 she's decided it's worth $300,000."

"Those people—the ones who called you up the other day—probably know that," Aunt Emmeline said.

"They know it well enough," Harry said. "But they know she is short of cash too. If they really want to buy they are figuring that they can get the place for less from her than they can from me, and they may be right."

"If I were you," Aunt Emmeline said, "I'd find out who they are."

"I know who they are," Harry assured her. "They're Meyrowitz & Fink. And whoever they're acting for, they're as cold a pair of bluffers as ever played the real-estate game."

On June 28th, two days before his option expired, Harry had had no definite answer from Meyrowitz & Fink. He sat in the office all the next day waiting for the telephone to ring, and at five

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o'clock Kitty Van Blarcom called him up and asked him if he didn't know that Mabel Barker was back.

He didn't.

"Why," Kitty said, "you must have noticed that Athena roadster—the black one with red leather cushions that looks as if it cost more than a Rolls."

He hadn't noticed it.

"Anyway, you're coming to the country club dance tonight?"

He hadn't known there was a country club dance. He hadn't really slept for a week.

"Of course I'm coming," he answered.

He went home and dressed. He couldn't eat his dinner. He was too nervous. He sat and smoked one cigarette after another. The thing got worse and worse. The six months were up—all but tomorrow—and he had lost.

The thing that happened that night at the country club could never have happened if Harry had been himself. But it happened. He was standing in the hall looking at the dancers and trying to catch a glimpse of Mabel Barker. She wasn't dancing. But she was standing near the stairway talking to some young man Harry didn't know. And while he watched another young man, a particularly ebullient young man, came dashing across the floor and threw both arms around Mabel Barker.

"Mabel!" he yelled.

"Jack!" she cried, and threw both arms around his neck.

They kissed.

Harry Farnum, consumed with rage, turned and walked into the dressing-room. He couldn't doubt the meaning of those whole-souled gestures. That man was Mabel's fiancé.

He turned and walked out of the dressing-room and banged into the ebullient young man who had kissed Mabel.

"Whup!" the ebullient young man said genially enough. "Why don't you look where you're going?"

"I don't like your looks," Harry Farnum said.

The ebullient young man grinned; he assumed that Harry was drunk.

"There, there, old bean," he said, "go home and sleep it off."

"Put up your hands!" Harry yelled.

THE fight that followed was not the kind that you pay $40 to see. It was the sort you hope to see when you pay $40. When eleven members of the Deep Harbor Country Club had pried them apart they were covered with blood. The ebullient young man's nose was well on one side of his face and Harry had a black eye that is still a legend in Deep Harbor.

Harry Farnum realized the next morning that he couldn't go to the office—not with that eye. He called up Rosie O'Brien and told her firmly that if the Meyrowitz & Fink people called up she was to tell them he had gone trout fishing. It they insisted, she was to try to locate him.

Late in the afternoon the telephone rang.

"This is Rosie—I'm talking from the drug store. They're here. You'd better come quick, Mr. Farnum."

Meyrowitz and Fink were sitting in his office waiting for him when he got there, dressed in old clothes and carrying his fishing rod. They offered him $240,000 for the Wood place. Harry Farnum shook his head. Both Meyrowitz and Fink got up and walked out of the office. Harry let them go. They went clear down to the street before they came back.

"All right," Meyrowitz said. "We give you $250,000."

When the papers were all made out and the certified check for the binder was in his pocket, Harry sat down wearily. Meyrowitz & Fink left.

"Rosie," Harry Farnum said, "look out of the window and see if you can see a beautiful Athena roadster parked anywhere."

"It's parked down the block," Rosie said.

He got up and went downstairs and climbed into his little four-cylinder roadster and waited till Mabel Barker came out of the post office and started off. He started after her. He lost ground on the hill going out of the village. But half a mile farther on, where you turn off toward the Fanshawe place, he was only ten yards behind.

Mabel Barker turned sharply off the state road and up the steep little hill toward the Fanshawe place. The little four-cylinder roadster chugged after her. Mabel was a quarter of a mile ahead when the little roadster reached the top of that hill. But Harry stepped on the gas. As they ran past the Fanshawe house he wasn't ten feet behind the Athena's rear bumper. Which was the moment Mabel chose to step on the brake. The Athena had brakes on all four wheels. It stopped suddenly and turned to go through the narrow stone gate of the Fanshawe place.

The little roadster did not stop suddenly. Harry stepped on the brake pedal with everything he had. But the little roadster hit the glittering Athena just abaft the beam and, crashing fenders and running boards, slammed her up against the gatepost in a shower of glass.

HARRY FARNUM pulled his head back through the shattered wind shield of the little roadster and got down and found himself face to face with the maddest girl he had ever seen.

"What are you trying to do?" she cried. Then she recognized Harry. In spite of his fishing clothes and his black eye and his cuts, she recognized him.

"Oh," she said, "it's *you*."

Never in his life had Harry heard such cold and withering anger in a woman's voice.

"Aren't you satisfied?" she cried. "Haven't you done enough? Must you keep on persecuting me and my family?"

"Persecuting you!" Harry said.

"I said persecuting," Mabel Barker said, her voice rising in a fine sweep. "Isn't it enough that you stung my father $20,000 on the price of this place? Isn't it enough that you broke my brother-in-law's nose without the slightest provocation? Have you got to follow me and smash my car on top of all that you've done?"

Harry just stood there. It occurred to him irrelevantly that she wasn't just a pretty girl. She was a beauty.

"Answer me," she cried. *"Answer me! Or are you just plumb crazy?"*

Harry shook his head slowly and when he spoke he spoke in a voice hardly louder than he ordinarily used.

"I can explain it," he said. "I can explain it all."

"Oh, you can, can you?" Mabel Barker cried. "You can explain all." She looked at him and smiled a faint, scornful smile at such presumption. "But that isn't all," she continued. "There is what you did to me."

"What did I do to you?"

"You practically proposed to me the first time I met you six months ago, and I practically accepted you—yes, I did: I admit it because you know it—and then what did you do? Why, you dropped me. I never heard one word from you for six months. You never even wrote me a letter. There's only one possible excuse for you and that is that you're crazy—crazy as a loon."

Harry waited patiently for her to get through. He hadn't been a good explainer all his life without learning the technique of explaining things. It was an old, old habit with him—not a rule, just a habit—to let the angry ones rave until they had raved themselves out. Then did he begin to explain. And he could explain anything. He absolutely could. If he couldn't have, he would never have got that girl's head parked on his shoulder in a little more than an hour. But he did.

It wasn't long after that, when for either the ninth or tenth time he was explaining that he hadn't the faintest suspicion that it was her father who was buying the Fanshawe place, and still less that the bird who had kissed her at the country club was her brother-in-law, and even less that she was going to take that turn into the Fanshawe gate, that she suddenly reached out and took his hands in hers and said, "Come on, I can make up that eye of yours so it won't be so terrible."

Which implied—if it did not directly state—that she regarded him as hers.

McGOOFEY'S FIRST READER

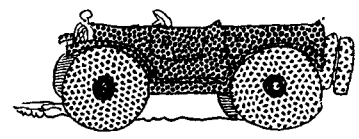
By H. I. PHILLIPS

Illustrated by the Author

Who is this? *This is Edward.*

Who is Edward? *Edward is an eye doctor. He is a specialist in matters of defective eyesight.*

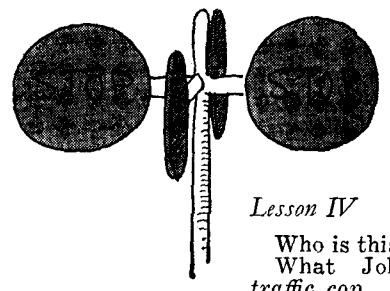
Lesson II



What is this? *This is Edward's automobile.*

Is Edward in it? *No, but he will be in a few minutes.*

Why will Edward be in the automobile in a few minutes? *Because he has an appointment to see a patient.*



Lesson III

What is this? *This is a traffic-post stop signal.*

Does Edward see it? *No.*

Lesson IV

Who is this? *This is John.*

What John? *John, the traffic cop.*

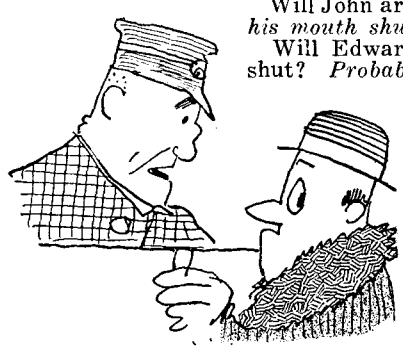
Does John see Edward? *You can bet anybody plenty that John sees Edward.*

Lesson V

What is going on here? *John is asking Edward, "Whatzamattah? Ain't we got yer favorite color?"*

Will John arrest Edward? *Not if Edward keeps his mouth shut.*

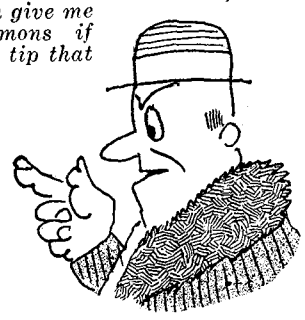
Will Edward know enough to keep his mouth shut? *Probably not.*

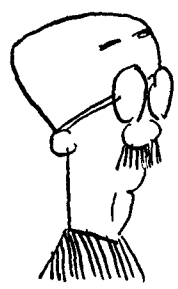


What is Edward doing? *He is trying to talk his way out of it.*

What is he saying? *Oh, he is saying that he is a close friend of the mayor, that he and the chief of police are "like that," and that he has a lot of influence "down at headquarters."*

Will Edward say anything else? *Yes, indeed. Before he gets through he will make that old crack, "Now you can give me a summons if you like, but I'm just giving you a friendly tip that you'll regret it."*





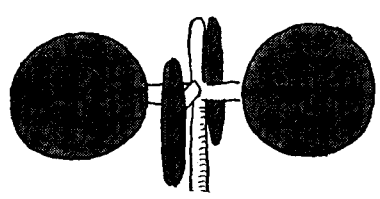
Lesson VI

Who is this? *This is Judge Otto Splitzenbecker of the Traffic Court.*

What is he doing? *He is fining Edward $100.*

What are the charges? *Breach of the peace, obstructing an officer, attempting to bribe an officer, abusive language, speeding and (incidentally) passing a traffic signal.*

Lesson VII



What is this? *This is a traffic signal.*

Does Edward see the traffic signal? *From now on Edward will always see a traffic signal.*

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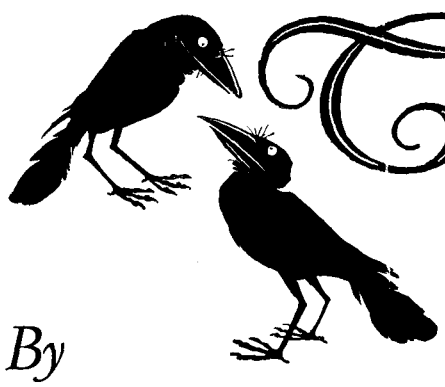

Two Black Crows

By JOHN B. KENNEDY

Moran and Mack, who never did positively ascertain why white horses eat mo' than black horses, waited long for the theatrical, radio and phonograph fame that has made their gags almost too popular

"What's yo' idear in bringin' that up?" says Mack

Florence Vandamm

BY COMMON repute Mussolini is aware of everything that goes on in Rome, yet his rule of efficiency by fiat is ignored in a large area of the ancient capital—large enough to comprise a farm. The farm is uncharted, and whoever the municipal collector of taxes in Rome may be, he has yet to gather a lira from its owner. The collector may not know, unless somebody translates this record for him, which is extremely unlikely, that the farm exists. But several millions of Americans know about it.

They have heard its owner, one Charles Mack, discuss it back of footlights, over the air and on phonograph records, with one George Moran. Mr. Mack bred cows and horses on the farm; he raised olives from swollen green peas. But his best crop was and is bushels of laughs.

When he speaks of his farm in Rome, or of anything else, Mr. Mack's manner is exceedingly deliberate, lackadaisical. He's a tall, chubby-faced gentleman who confesses to forty but looks much less. Facially he resembles what Babe Ruth would look like if the Babe cut out three of his six meals a day. Mr. Moran, by contrast, is short, thick-set, sharp-featured, with agile brows and a peppery style of questioning. Discussions between the two consist entirely of questions by Mr. Moran—fast, pointed questions—and answers, or evasions, by Mr. Mack.

Down on the Roman Farm

FOR example, Mack will volunteer, in his tired accent, the voice of a baritone half asleep and lazily eager to fall into the other half, that he has a farm in Rome. Moran demands, what kind of farm? Mack wearily replies: a farm with horses on it. Further questioning reveals that the horses are black and white. Mack confesses that the horses present a problem. Moran insists on knowing what problem. Well, the white horses eat more than the black. "Why?" Moran demands. "Oh" (Mack all but expires in telling it), "we tried every way to figure it out and we couldn't figure out any reason—unless it was 'cause we had mo' of the white horses."

Likewise the cows caused trouble on the farm in Rome. What kind of trouble? asks Moran. Just one kind of trouble, says Mack. Milking? No, the milk was all right. What, then? There was trouble, says Mack, getting them to sit on those small cream bottles.

But success smiled upon his efforts with synthetic olives. Green peas swelled by vinegar did the trick. "How did you get the pits in the peas?" asks Moran. "W-what's yo' idear in bringin' that up?" says Mack.

The story of this singular farm is told in extenso through long but not prolonged examination of Mack by Moran. I should say, offhand, that as a farm it would tax more than McNary-Haugen talent for its relief. But who cares about that? Or about Mr. Mack's peculiar conduct when he turns from farming to other occupations, such as engine wiping or stone breaking, the latter under the supervision of armed witnesses.

For nine years Moran and Mack, under their play-name The Two Black Crows, have been traveling hither and yon, giving the public an exhibition of Moran's fiery curiosity and Mack's lazy indifference to woe. They are the reigning successors of famed teams of the past or nearly past, McIntyre and Heath, Williams and Wilson, Weber and Fields, yet their national celebrity was slow to emerge. And it was hardly cumulative. Suddenly England made the discovery that America had a pair of great comedians, and on their return from a lengthy stay in London they were received with loud huzzahs by theatregoers and waving of checks by managers.

"We met up first," says Mr. Mack, who is spokesman for the two, "in Tacoma, many, many years ago."

Mr. Moran, so belligerently vocal on stage, is stoically reflective off, only nodding his graying head languidly in assent to his partner's utterance. Something there for the psychologist to analyze when stage rôles are reversed in real life by two men who make environment for each other.

"We met by accident," says Mr. Mack. "It was this kind of an accident: I was selling papers, and Moran was a vaudeville actor who wanted to read one. He bought a paper from me. I guess he was lonely, for he started talking to me. And he gave me a ticket for a show.

"'You got a good voice, boy,' he told me. 'Where were you born?'

"'Kansas,' I told him.

"'Whereabouts in Kansas?' says Moran. See, our acquaintance started with him asking questions.

"'White Cloud,' I said.

"And he expected me to ask where he came from, but I didn't. I went to see him in the show and met him afterward.

"'How d'you like the act?' he said. He was in a cross-talk team, same as now.

"'You got a good voice, boy,' I told him.

"'That comes of being born near you,' he said. 'Aspiner, Oklahoma.'

"That town," went on Mr. Mack, "is sixteen miles from my native town. There are lots of fellows born within sixteen miles of one another who never learn about it. But we started being friends, right off.

"Then sixteen years later I was booked at the Palace Theatre in New York. Had been teaming up with a partner named Sorn. Something happened, and I needed a new partner. Moran wasn't working at the time, and he took the job. That's the way it's been ever since."

He paused to light the same cigarette for the fifth time. His lips are almost as reluctant to act as his voice.

"While George Moran was playing the big and little wheels in vaudeville, I struggled to get a start in the show business. What he had said about my voice gave me the bug. But he wasn't altogether right. I ran away from home to go on the stage, but if I'd ever tried to sing at home I wouldn't have had to run away."

Sixteen Shows a Day!

WORKING about Tacoma as a newsy threw Charles Mack into intimate contact with the talk and tactics of colored lads. Unconsciously he absorbed their vocal mannerisms and careless outlook on life.

"I made my first professional start with a tab show in San Francisco," Mack recounts. "Show folks working what you might call union hours of eight shows a week often ask me if I'm glad to be out of vaudeville, with its schedules ranging from twelve to twenty-eight shows a week. I tell them yes. But they don't know the half of it. In that San Francisco tab show I did eight shows a day. And I got fourteen dollars a week salary. And just after the earthquake I had to do sixteen shows a day! After the first shocks were over San Francisco folks were crazy for amusement—anything to distract them from the calamity. No worth-while motion-picture (*Continued on page 35*)

"How did you get the pits in the peas?" asks Moran

Florence Vandamm

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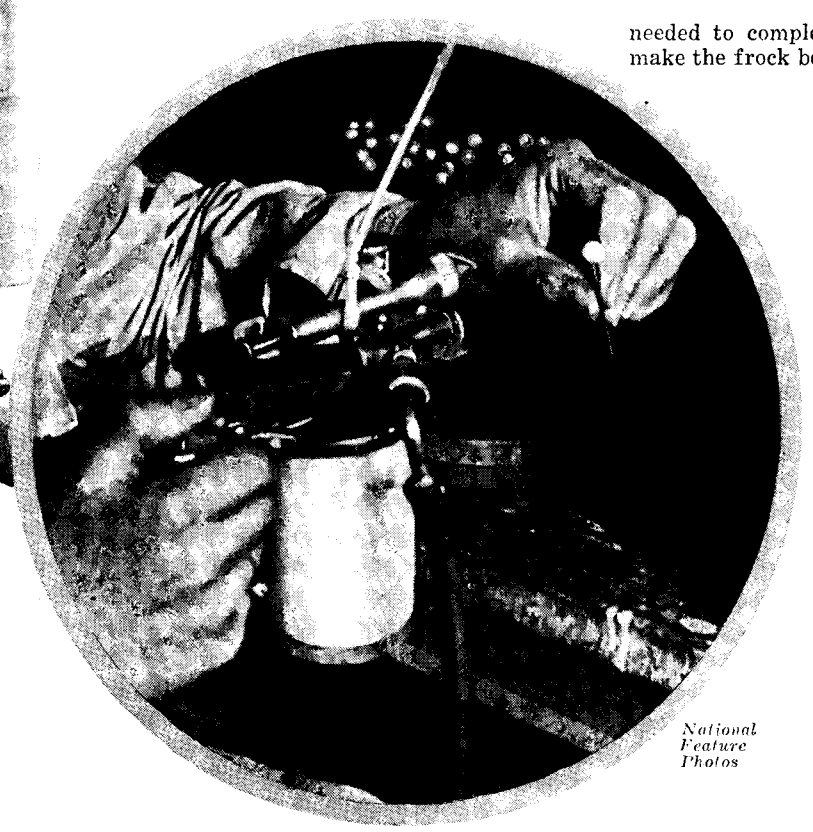
All that Glitters

Not so long ago artificial jewelry was a possession to whisper about like a half-witted cousin or an uncle who was a horse thief, but this season the stamp of smartness is on it

By KATHERINE SPROEHNLE

A woman pearl diver in Japan ready to dive

© E. M. Newman Pub. Photo Service



National Feature Photos

"Pearl" is sprayed on the bead with an air brush, then baked

THE gold that gleams so warmly in necklaces this winter is known politely as "synthetic;" the bracelets whose precious stones glitter so bravely on white arms and the buckles and ornaments whose diamonds sparkle on the new frocks on "imitation jewelry," the possession of which was formerly a lasting stigma on the fair name of the wearer.

"Her jewels are paste," was once a whisper which would lower a woman many rungs on the social ladder. Now it is an accolade of smartness.

While there are few cases on record of women who have refused an offer of real diamonds and demanded paste instead, it is true that the tendency of the smartest women for the last few years has been to augment their jewel wardrobes with numerous tinsel pieces rather than a sapphire here and a pearl there at much longer intervals.

Of course it was Paris that started it. For some time travelers have been bewildered and charmed at the prominence given to artificial jewelry in windows where the false was displayed on the same luxurious velvet cushions and with the same careful art of salesmanship as the true. Many of the shops even bear their sign "Only Imitations Sold Here" (in its more graceful French equivalent), like a banner.

And of course it was the couturiers of Paris who buoyed up and carried on this interesting and profitable new mode. Much might be said of these omnipotent ladies and gentlemen whose mandates can change your figures, your morals and your souls, can give or take away your ears and foreheads, your hair and your eyebrows, but the more intricate details of their influence will have to be left to a student of the race who will some day give them their due in a fat black volume. In this article can only be reported their influence in ennobling a once disparaged if not despised form of adornment.

With the sanction of Paris to support them it was easy for people to appreciate the other advantages of this movement toward paste which has outgrown being a fad. There are, for instance, the stern principles of economy and love of variety which lurk in every human.

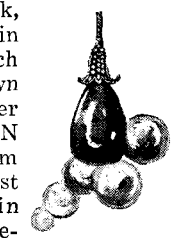
Fast and Crafty Workers

THEN there is the consideration of robbery. A jeweler told me that one thing that has hurt the real jewelry business markedly in these days of unrepressed gentlemen, who feel it their inalienable right to hold up a fellow citizen if the spirit moves them, is customers' fear of being hit over the head for their jewels.

Insurance is also a big factor. But I will go into these considerations a little farther along and get on with the monarchs of style.

To begin with, they decreed simplicity, ungarnished frocks with chaste neck line and subdued frills and draperies, if any. This meant ornament was needed to complete the picture and to make the frock becoming. But it meant highly specialized ornaments if the costume was to have that touch which those who want to be truly chic—and name us one who doesn't—demand. "The costume is not complete until the jewelry is on," "The jewelry must suit occasion and the costume," are slogans which have assaulted docile female ears so frequently in the last few years that they have become part of the feminine credo. Now, obviously, there are so few individuals in the world rich enough to buy emeralds or sapphires or rubies, in the quantity desirable for matching variety, that stylists have seen the advantage of stressing the imitation for all stages of society and affluence, have stamped synthetic gems with the word chic, have revolutioned an industry, have occasioned this article and have made everyone quite happy except the dealers in real gems, who are sometimes heard to express volubly unsubdued bitterness.

So impressed are couturiers with artificial jewelry that they have gone into the business themselves and for the past year or so have not only ordained the mode but have become designers and manufacturers as well. Almost every big Paris house now shows "costume jewelry" of its own at the openings, and this has given rise to a new excitement in international commerce. At every opening there are scouts for the great American jewelry manufacturers. They sit in the velvet-carpeted room whose drawn brocaded curtains hide the bright, noisy streets of Paris. Besides them there are the scouts and buyers for the American dress trade and the important private cash customers, and they are no less eager than those. The mannequins come in, wearing the new frocks, including the new jewelry. This is where the excitement begins. The representatives of the American firms sketch quickly, madly, for the life of costume jewelry is a butterfly's span, and every day counts. The sketches are rushed (and the competition is almost fictional in its intrigue and maneuvers) to the fastest boat sailing, and in New York are met as efficiently as they are dispatched.



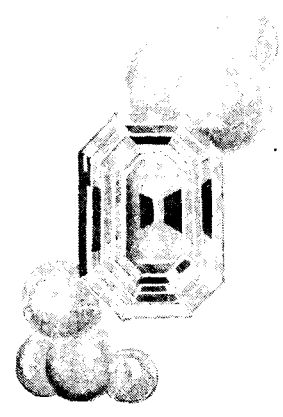
According to one prominent manufacturer in New York, samples manufactured in this country from French designs have been shown less than ten days after the opening and were ON SALE in two weeks from the time they were first seen by the scout in France. What, more specifically, is this imitation of costume jewelry, as the modistes and manufacturers would have you speak of it? Well, this season much of it is gold in metal and gold-brown in color of stones to go with the brown tints which have been decreed for cold-weather wardrobes. It is gold snakes with topaz eyes, gold ropes, golden corduroy bands for bracelets and gold-plated (it's all plated of course) coil fringe for necklaces, earrings and hair ornaments. Even newer are "diamonds"—long necklaces to swing over one shoulder, finished by a diamond tassel and set as if the glittering squares of paste were real stones. These last are very expensive.

Good While the String Lasts

BUT overshadowing all the gold, the brilliants, the square emeralds which look real enough to breathe, the manufactured sapphires which are as blue as the sea or as real ones, are the "pearls."

You can get very nice pearls at the five-and-ten-cent store, and the usual department-store price for an empress' ransom is $3.95. You can buy delicate triumphs of science which will match or imitate your real pearls for $500 a string if you put your mind to it.

This range of prices, coupled with an absolute decree of fashion that pearls are always good, makes them a practically universal possession among womankind. Certainly in this country this year it would be hard to find a waif so poor that she didn't have a string of whitey-pink or yellow opaque glass around her neck or in her top drawer.



Probably the most astounding thing to a layman is how much all pearls look alike—ten-cent store and up. Perhaps an old pearl woman could sit in the subway and pick out which string cost $1 and which $25, but to a simple observer all strings, wound three times around—two choking and one loose—look quite similar. However, dealers in real pearls maintain that anyone who is at all bright can tell the difference between the real and the imitation. Be that as it may, there is a story which has to do with this point.

It seems that there was a gentleman in moderate Park Avenue circumstances who had given his wife a very pretty short string of graduated synthetic pearls. They broke one morning, and he volunteered (*Continued on page 36*)

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Morally We Roll Along

"The New Frankness is much more honest than the old hypocrisies. There's nothing more depraved than Nasty Niceness"

Uncle Henry

"YOU ought to speak to your wife," declared Mr. Stubbs with virtuous emphasis. "I've jes' finished a book she gave me to read, an' darned if it didn't make me *blush*."

"Remarkable!" exclaimed Uncle Henry. "What with these modern novels an' blood-raw dramas, I didn't think there was one left. Last year a blush was reported as havin' been seen in the hill districts of Arkansas, but it turned out to be jes' a bad case of sunburn.

"I'd be glad to speak to my wife, but what's the use? I'm afraid it's up to you to guard your own purity. The next time she or any other woman offers you a book to read, or suggests a play you ought to see, jes' run like a deer for the nearest police station

"Life has certainly changed. I can remember when masculine conversation came to an abrupt stop the minute a woman entered the room. Now it's the other way round. When my wife an' her friends start one of their frank discussions either I clap on my ear muffs or else jump right out of the window, takin' the chance that a rose bush will break my fall.

"Men are the only Victorians left in the world, my dear 'Lonzo. It is the male cheek, an' only the male cheek, that suffuses with indignant color at sight of all these modern outrages against the conventions.

"You never see a woman shakin' her head over the Trend of the Times, groanin' about the Ruin of the Home, or sadly askin' what on earth the world's comin' to. Nor do you find the female of the species figurin' in these censorship movements, wantin' books suppressed or demandin' a life sentence for such theatrical producers as insist that clothes are somethin' that ought to be left to the imagination.

Back in the Fainting Forties

"NO, INDEED! The franker the novel, the more explicit the play, the better women seem to like it, an' a spade can't be called a spade too loud or too often for *them*.

"At that, 'Lonzo, man has only himself to blame. We're merely reapin' the penalty for havin' overplayed our hand. To gain a proper understandin' of the present situation, we've got to go back to those wonderful, soul-thrillin' times when woman's true an' accepted place was the coldest an' darkest corner in the cave, an' when any cuff on the head that didn't draw blood was her idea of a lovin' caress.

"When the world became safe enough for women to move around, a certain definite worry presented itself. How was a man to protect his property rights in a wife? How was he to be sure of her when she was out of his sight? What method could be devised for establishin' an' guaranteein' the good old double standard?

"After much sweatin' thought, a brilliant idea came to him, an' he invented *modesty*. As fast as female children came into the world they were taught that sex was somethin' awfully secret an' actually shameful, any mention of it entailin' the danger of eternal damnation; that under no circumstances must they acknowledge the existence of a body, an' that every physical fact of life must be met by a low cry an' immediate collapse into unconsciousness.

"It was a thorough job, 'Lonzo! No doubt about it! Back in the Faintin' Forties women reached a pitch of modesty where they almost stopped walkin' for fear of betrayin' the possession of legs. An' even after swathin' themselves in so many bolts of cloth that they had to begin undressin' for bed at four in the afternoon, they invariably piled on a thick shawl.

"As for man's attitude to the home, it reminds me of that hired man I had durin' the war. He nearly died of fright an' only recovered when he was put into a deferred classification along with prize fighters, wrestlers, ball players an' other sufferers from flat feet an' heart murmurs. A little later, however, his brother was caught in the draft, but when I said somethin' about its bein' too bad, he had a fit. 'What's bad about it?' he bellowed. '*Somebody's* got to fight for us, ain't they?'

"That was the way man felt about the home. Somebody had to look after it, an' that somebody was the woman. Then he turned away to step far, wide, high an' handsome. Any fool ought to have known it was too good to last! This present rage for Frankness Until It Hurts is really nothin' more than a phase of the so-called Feminine Revolt. After havin' to act as though they had been born deaf as well as blind, what more natural than that women should take a savage satisfaction, not to say pleasure, in talkin' about *everything?*

"It's in much the same spirit of angry reaction that they choose their clothes. Down in their hearts every one of 'em would love to get back into flannels in winter, but at memory of the bitter years when they had to wear from eighteen to thirty layers, a demoniac rage gives 'em strength to risk chilblains an' chapped hips.

"As a matter of fact, 'Lonzo, I can't get very much shocked at the New Frankness, for it's much more honest than the old hypocrisies. When books an' magazines used to employ dashes for profanity, every reader supplied the omissions, oftentimes far worse than the author intended.

"If you ask me, I'll say that there's nothin' more innately depraved than a lot of this Nasty Niceness. I think that the most immoral creature I ever knew was a school principal who came back from Europe with a portfolio of engravin's an' wouldn't show it to the women teachers until he'd carefully pasted bits of paper over the nude figures.

"I'm glad to see talk quit cover an' take to the open. Lots of it is vile an' unnecessary, to be sure, but I'd rather have it out where the sun can hit it. Sooner or later decency an' good taste will take charge of things, but the gains in honesty an' *real* morals will have been immeasurable.

"Women see all this so much more clearly than men because the female is essentially more honest an' courageous. We're a bunch of hypocrites.

"Consider what happens when one of our sex gets caught with the goods. We search our souls for new howls to express outraged virtue. We're doin' much the same thing now in our screams against the New Frankness."

"Do you really think that God made woman out of man's rib?" asked Mr. Stubbs, somewhat irrelevantly.

"Even so," answered Uncle Henry, "there was plenty of bone left over in the male head."

"When they had to wear eighteen to thirty layers"

"Next time she offers you a book to read jes' run for the nearest police station"

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A Guest for Dinner

Illustrated by
JOHN ALAN MAXWELL

A Short Short Story

By
PARKHURST WHITNEY

THE brothers resembled each other in many ways: except that Edward was ruddy and James was brown, both were tall, spare, strong-featured men. The essential difference was in the expression of their eyes. Edward Coggswell looked at the world shrewdly but benevolently. His brother stabbed it with venomous glances under his drooping lids.

"And so I am expected to go back to that damned hole?" James was saying.

They had been arguing a long time. Edward's voice was a little weary. "If you care to meet the conditions in Father's will—"

"I tell you I'm fed up." The younger man's voice was desperate. "It's no place for a white man. I want to come back to the States. I want to live here."

Edward made no answer. James darted his furious eyes around the room in which they sat talking. It was part study, part gunroom: a comfortable, masculine place of stained pine panels, sporting prints, agricultural journals and photographs of prize stock. An old setter slept on the rug before the fire; occasionally he opened an eye as James Coggswell spoke with special virulence.

"I want to live here," James repeated. "I've been punished enough."

"Father sent you down there to give you a chance to rebuild your life," Edward reminded him. "He wasn't thinking entirely of punishment. And, frankly, Jim, the reports I get are not good. You drink entirely too much. You neglect the plantation. You have —ah—taken up with a native woman—"

"Spying!" The younger brother averted his face, but his voice was bitter, accusing. "Well, send a man to the tropics to reform him. The tropics! That was good. What did you expect!"

"Father meant it to be a hard test. Why didn't you accept it in that spirit?" Edward Coggswell's voice was kindly. "Accept it now, Jim. Cut down your drinking. Make the plantation pay. Get rid of the woman. If at the end of five years—"

"Five years! Five years more. That's a life sentence. I'm damned if I'll do it."

"I'm damned if you'll get your share of the estate on any other terms," said Edward firmly.

Then he relented and put his hand on his brother's shoulder. "Don't make it any harder for me, Jim. I'm simply carrying out Father's wishes. No, I shan't put the whole burden on him. I approve. Take it as a sporting proposition, old man. Five consecutive years of hard work and no scandal. Those aren't bad terms. And if I die in the meantime—"

"You won't," James sneered. "You're too cautious and careful."

Edward smiled. "I hope to live a while. But I hunt regularly. There's always the chance of an accident. Well, in that event, as you know, the condition is voided. I always thought that was decent of Father. It's just a family affair."

JAMES shook off his brother's hand. An accident. Ah! He had often thought of that. A fall in the hunting field. A mad bull. A gunshot in the pheasant season.

Edward seemed to think that silence gave consent. He got up, leaned against the mantel above the fireplace, and tickled the old dog's ribs with his foot.

"You must get in some hunting while you're here," he said heartily. "I've got a good one in the stables for you. Come along and see him before dinner."

"No, thanks," said James shortly. "I want to think."

"I think I'll scrub up a bit," said his brother. "Dinner is at seven. I'm glad you're here, Jim."

James Coggswell sat on in the darkening room, and his thoughts and his face were not pleasant. Against the background of tanned skin his gray eyes gleamed with a kind of phosphorescent malice, eyes that were relentless, as were his drumming fingers; it was as if the sun of the tropics had sweated him until his nerves were bared. Finally his restlessness drove him from his seat to one of the windows.

The fields, as far as he could see in the dusk, and beyond, were Coggswell fields. The founder of the Coggswell fortune had received them for his services in the War of the Revolution. He was a man with a fierce, almost mystic love for the land. He had held his own acres, bought more, stamped his great passion on his descendants. They had found it possible, and pleasant, to live on their rents.

James Coggswell looked upon the landscape with that passion, except that it was perverted and embittered. They were not his meadows and barns. There had been a time when, sweltering in the tropics, he could cool his forehead with the thought that if his brother died this place would be his own. Now it could never be. Edward was about to marry. There would be little Coggswells.

The news, coming at the end of four rebellious years, had sent him home in a desperate fury, hating his brother. He was sick of the tropics, the heat, the violent colors, the lush growths, the heavy smells, the native women; sick of the life of the remittance man.

He paced out of the study into the living-room. Nearly five years since he had seen these stiff old portraits, sniffed just that particular odor of wax, furniture polish, burning apple wood and something less tangible: something that could be fancied as compounded of the clothes, the scent and the pipe smoke of long-gone men and women.

All that he saw, smelled, heightened his desire and deepened his sense of frustration. Edward was going to marry. What matter if Edward broke his neck now?

Old Julia, the housekeeper, came in to turn on the lights.

"Is there any whisky in the sideboard?" he asked.

"I think so, Mr. James. Yes, sir."

He went into the dining-room and poured a stiff drink. Another. He drank with his eyes fixed on space. He was looking back to the tropics, recalling a thing he had seen down there. It had been called an accident. Only he had guessed that it was not an accident.

Suppose Edward met with an accident? Before he was married!

HE POURED more liquor on the kindling flame of hatred. He would not be cheated. No! And after a moment he returned to the study, closed the door, and went to the gun rack. He chose a rifle, noted its caliber, and hunted around until he found a shell. He loaded the gun, drew the bolt, and returned it to the rack.

When his brother found him he was again at the long sideboard.

"There you are," said Edward, and poured himself a drink. "Here's to your return."

"Here or there?" said James, sardonically.

"Must get some shooting while I'm here," he said

Edward shrugged and went to the head of the table. "I meant —here."

He began to talk of old times, old friends. James was quiet. He declined dessert, and went to the sideboard once more. He wanted his liquor to bite him tonight.

"Coffee in the study?" he suggested.

"Right."

When he heard the maid in the hall with the coffee, James was in front of the gun rack, stroking the burnished barrels. He took one, put it to his shoulder, brought it down to his hip, seemed to test its weight and balance.

The accident must be witnessed!

"Must get some shooting while I'm here," he said.

"Of course," his brother agreed, turning toward him.

The muzzle, aimed from the hip, was on Edward's white shirt front when James pulled the trigger. There was a dry, flat click as the firing pin went home.

Then silence. The maid went out. James Coggswell stared stupidly at the rifle. He said nothing when his brother took it from him and himself examined it.

Edward Coggswell's face was not so ruddy, but the hand was steady that returned the rifle to the rack.

"Do you remember the field days for the tenants?" he began slowly. "Two years ago, in the evening, the young folks decided to play charades. One side was acting out a word that called for guns. We had been shooting that day. Clay pigeons. Somehow one of my guns was returned to the rack loaded. There was an accident. A fatal accident. I never forgave myself—

"Since that time I have always examined the guns. It is the last thing I do before going in to dinner. I mean, when I have guests—"

The veins were standing out on James Coggswell's forehead. His voice was thick. "What are you talking about? Guests! I'm not—"

"You're certainly not my brother," said Edward Coggswell sadly.

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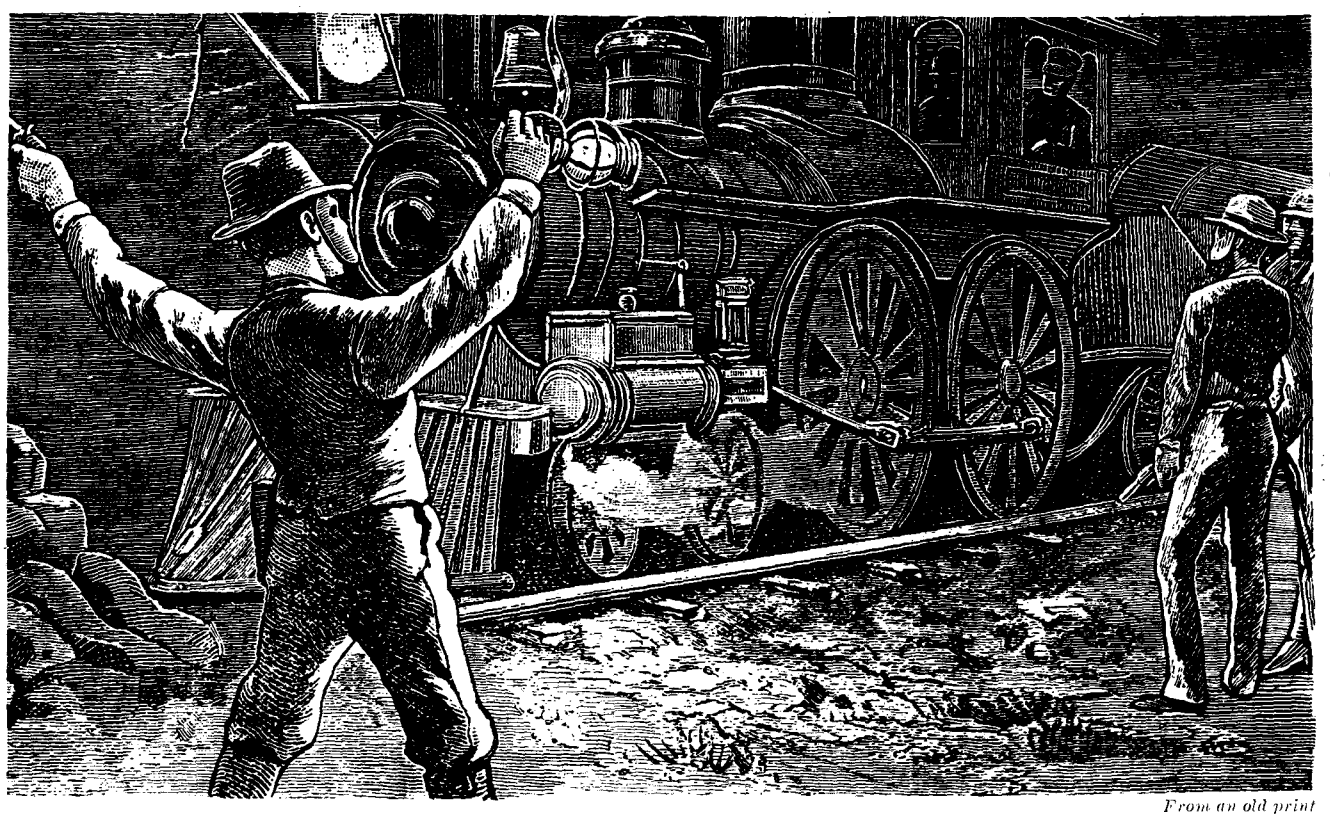
Shooting unarmed citizens and looting unprotected banks palled on Jesse James and his gang, so Jesse invented a new sport—train robbery



Apprentices at the job—practice soon brought perfection

From an old print

The Bad Man from Missouri

By OWEN P. WHITE *and* WARREN NOLAN

AT THE close of his exuberant career as a guerrilla, Jesse James, with a slug in his lung, lay unconscious by the side of a small stream in Johnson County, Missouri.

Meantime, his mother, the red-headed Zerelda, had abandoned Clay County, Missouri, where her two famous sons were born.

"She saw *him* coming," relates Jesse James, Jr., meaning of course that Grandma saw a Yankee approaching, "and when he arrived she threw a shovelful of hot coals from the fireplace in his face."

The gentleman thus treated made a quick get-away. But so did Zerelda. Told by the federal authorities that she had better "git," she got. She went to Nebraska. There, after he had been picked up and patched up by a sympathetic farmer, Jesse joined her.

Jesse, however, did not warm to Nebraska. It was too peaceful. He induced his mother to carry him back to old Missouri, where the atmosphere was still heavily laden with belligerency and the roadsides were still conveniently bordered by bushes.

The home-coming took place in August, 1865. In the town of Harlem, near Kansas City, Jesse was carefully nursed by his mother, his sister Susie, and his cousin Miss Zee Mimms, to whom, as was romantically correct, he became engaged.

Frank, last half of James & James

In October he left his fiancée and went back to his old home town, Kearney, in Clay County, where he at once "got" religion. He almost immediately showed the sincerity of his declaration of faith by adopting a profession which was, at that time in Clay County, looked upon with great favor by most of the citizens—banditry.

His physical condition was still such that he was unable to participate actively in the joys of the chase. However, he could plan excursions and share in the profits. In February, 1866, he sent brother Frank and a select group of friends to begin the life work of the James boys, by opening a bank in Liberty, the county seat of Clay County.

Lack of Pistol Practice

A YOUNG lady by the name of Long had received $700 from the boys just to knock around Liberty and secure a little advance information for them regarding the habits of the bank clerks. The girl got the information, the boys got $70,000, and an unoffending college student who happened to be standing on the corner got killed.

There were several arrests but no convictions. Jesse, not having been at Liberty, was not molested. That is, he was not immediately molested. But as time wore on popular opinion gradually crystallized around the idea that it was in the fertile brain of our young hero that the whole Liberty scheme had been hatched.

In pursuance of this idea, and just one day less than a year after the robbery, six men called at the James homestead. Only four left it. The other two remained on a snow-covered front porch to bear mute testimony to the fact that a year's convalescence had impaired Jesse's shooting ability 66.66 per cent.

After this disgraceful exhibition of marksmanship Jesse left home. He left in a hurry. Crossing into Kentucky, he took up his abode with relatives in Chaplin. He was entertained handsomely by the proud citizens of two counties, and took advantage of his opportunity and cash to go down to Nashville, where he was treated by an eminent lung specialist who benefited him considerably.

In the fall, this being the year 1866, his funds were low. So the gang again assembled, and the bank in Lexington, Missouri, was relieved of about $2,000 of its cash.

Quiet reigned until March 2, 1867, when the bank at Savannah was visited. The gentleman who ran this institution was something of a scrapper, however.

Seeing five men, strangers all, ride up, and recalling what had happened at the bank in Lexington, he lost no time.

He closed his vault and opened his six-shooter. Five "expert shots" blazed away at him in return, knocked all the plaster off the inside of the banking-room, and then retreated, leaving the banker in possession of his money and one slight wound.

This ignominious defeat galled the boys considerably. It was fully three months before they perked up enough to pay a call in Richmond, Mo. Here they not only rehabilitated themselves financially by getting away with $4,000 in hard money, but socially by killing the mayor of Richmond, the city jailer and the jailer's young son.

Warrants were swiftly issued for the arrest of eight men, all of whom had served as guerrillas under Quantrill and Anderson. When three—Richard Burns, Andrew McGuire and Thomas Little—were captured they were hastily and happily strung up by citizens who showed no inclination whatever to wait while due processes of law obstructed justice.

Then, probably because the Missourians were getting peevish and would, most likely, hang 'em all if they robbed any more banks, the freebooters transferred their attentions to Kentucky.

They first tackled the bank at Russellville, in that state.

Six men, carrying ONE pair of pistols apiece, took part in the enterprise, collected $14,000, wounded three citizens, and beat it, for Missouri.

A fine chase followed. The posse pursued the bandits to the Mississippi and on through the rugged hills of the home state. However, in that first hunt nobody was captured.

Later, when the gang had split, the Russellville contingent had better luck. In a drug store in Tennessee they picked up George Shepherd, who was given three years for his share in the exercises; while over in Missouri a bunch of vigilantes, at a distance of 115 yards, managed to put seven large-caliber lead balls into Mr. Oll Shepherd, which was quite enough to cause him to go into immediate and permanent liquidation.

Of course Jesse James—who, it must be remembered, was never arrested and tried for anything in his life—claimed that he didn't have anything to do with them. In fact, in connection with the Russellville party, he even went so far as to write an unsolicited testimonial to his own good behavior.

Dodger and Alibi Artist

IN THIS missive Jesse asserted that he was at Chaplin on the day of the hold-up and could prove it. But that spells nothing at all. Chaplin is not very far from Russellville. He could easily have been at the latter place in the morning, when the bank was robbed, and back in Chaplin in the afternoon.

The interesting feature about this alibi letter is that if it proves anything at all to a student of Jesse's psychology it is that Jesse WAS at Russellville. The fact that he wrote about it clicks ominously with his behavior in later years when he wrote to newspapers about affairs which he did attend. In other words, Jesse had a letter-writing complex.

Even as Missouri had paid Jesse's upkeep and doctor's bills for a year and a half, so did Kentucky, not to be outdone in generosity, now give the lad a nice vacation. Almost as soon as their six-shooter smoke had cleared away

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Jesse and Frank were off on a long and expensive vacation. They went to California, Frank going overland, and Jesse by water, via New York, Panama and San Francisco.

During the several months that Jesse was away there was not a single bank robbery. No sooner had he come back—which he did without fanfare of trumpets and beating of drums—than the people's depository in the town of Gallatin open its doors to him.

Accompanied by brother Frank and Mr. Cole Younger, Jesse rode up to the bank, dismounted, entered, shot the roof off the cashier, took $700 from the till and returned to the street.

They Wake Up Uncle Sam

BUT here he had trouble. His horse, frightened by something, broke loose and ran away, leaving Jesse to make his departure riding behind brother Frank.

In preceding bank robberies in which he had participated Jesse had been too cunning to leave any clues by which he could be identified. At Gallatin, however, he left one as big as a horse. Consequently he was immediately indicted for the murder of the cashier.

Jesse grinned when he heard of it. He grinned again when told that his name had been erased from the rolls of the Baptist church.

The Gallatin robbery and murder took place in December, 1869. It is not until June 3, 1871, that Jesse can be definitely located again—this time happily engaged with six other Missourians in looting a bank 'way up in Corydon, Iowa.

Disguised as farmers, the seven lads rode into the town, where, on that day and at that very hour, another Missourian by the name of Dean was delivering a political address. It was an auspicious occasion. Everybody who could get there was present on the courthouse lawn to listen to the spellbinder. Hence Jesse and his companions rode through deserted streets on their way to the bank. Three of them dismounted, walked in, presented their six-cylinder credentials, told the cashier what they wanted, and got it—$40,000.

Putting the money in a sack and the cashier in the vault, they rode calmly back to the scene of the speechmaking, where, after listening for a few minutes one of the bandits interrupted the orator.

"Hey, there," he shouted, "kin I say something?"

"If it is important, sir," replied the politician, "I will yield to you for a moment."

"I don't know as it's important," yelled the robber, "but somebody just went by the bank and took the cashier and tied him up and put him in the vault. Mebbe you better send up and turn him a-loose."

But no one believed it, and the James boys rode away. It was at least an hour before the outraged banker was taken out of his safe.

Then the chase started. It led straight as the crow flies to Clay County. But as nearly all the loyal residents of that civilized community were ready to swear that their two most progressive citizens, Frank and Jesse James, had not been out of sight of home for six weeks, nobody was able at that time to tack the Corydon crime directly on them.

After Corydon came Columbia—a small town in Kentucky. No town boasting a bank was small enough to be ignominious in the eyes of Jesse and his fellow operators. Five of them, therefore, visited the village. At exactly 2:30 in the afternoon, on April 29, 1872, while two of the gang remained outside to shoo away the populace, the other three entered the banking-room and prematurely shot and killed the cashier.

"Prematurely," because the vault was locked, the dead cashier was unable to open it, so were the boys—and hence they got away with only $200 in change which they picked up on the counter.

Mr. Bill Longley, one of the greatest gunmen ever produced by the prolific state of Texas, is said to have participated in this trifling episode. The other four were, as usual, the two James boys and a pair from the Younger family.

From a print of the period

Whicher, Pinkerton man hound, easily finds Jesse James—and his gun

The rest of the year 1872 passed quietly into history—nine thousand berries plucked at the Kansas City Fair Grounds went with it—and, as a new crop had to be harvested, our hero led his band of gleaners down to Ste. Genevieve, Mo., where they gathered a crop on May 21, 1873.

Success was becoming monotonous. There was nothing exciting or exhilarating about robbing a bank, even if they did have to kill a recalcitrant cashier once in a while. So Jesse broached a novel idea to the boys. They whooped with glee.

They would become train robbers!

The first robbery was made on a Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific train. The plans were cold-blooded, diabolical and regardless of human life.

The gang, including our hero, his brother Frank, two Youngers and a pair of less notorious criminals, deliberately tore up a part of the track, where it ran through a shallow cut fourteen miles east of Council Bluffs. Then they waited to see what would result.

The engine turned over. The engineer was instantly killed, the fireman was seriously injured, and the train was stopped.

All the passengers were made to stand and deliver, the express and mail cars were looted, and the next morning every telegraph wire in the world carried a message to his admirers everywhere telling them that Jesse James had established a new industry.

This was fine publicity, but it had its drawbacks. Before Jesse and his playmates realized it prices were on their heads in addition to their halos.

The gang therefore quietly "sloped" for Arkansas, where they remained for some time. While there, just to keep their hand in at the new pastime, they stood up the Hot Springs stagecoach and got away with a nice little jag of stuff—about $2,000.

This sudden coup brought all the pursuers to Arkansas. Whereupon the boys, of course, went back to Missouri and pulled another train robbery.

This one took place at Gadshill, Mo., on January 31, 1874. Jesse, with unusual thoughtfulness, wrote an account of the affair himself. The robbery had been consummated and the train was about to move on, when Jesse handed the conductor a sheet of paper on which, all ready for publication, the following was neatly written:

TRAIN ROBBERY

The Most Daring on Record!

The southbound train on the Iron Mountain Railroad was stopped here this evening and robbed of $——. The robbers arrived at the station a few minutes before the arrival of the train and arrested the station agent and put him under guard, then threw the train on the switch. The robbers were all large men, none under six feet tall. They were all masked and all started in a southerly direction after they had robbed the train. They were all mounted on fine blooded horses. There is a hell of an excitement in this part of the country. (Signed) IRA W. MERRILL.

There was indeed a hell of a lot of excitement—not only in this particular part of the country but everywhere else.

Even the great Allan Pinkerton got so worked up over the Gadshill affair that he immediately opened a branch office in Kansas City and came down with some of his best men and sat in it so that he might personally supervise the capture of the robbers.

Three of these astute Pinkertons picked up a hot scent left by the Younger brothers and followed it—just a little too far! Which means, of course, that they caught up with the lads they were after—whereupon two of the man hounds retired permanently and forever from their profession. The third would have done so except for the fact that he happened to be mounted on a very fast horse.

In the meantime another detective, by the name of Whicher, was following in the footsteps of Jesse.

Some of Jesse's friends tipped the boy off, and gave him an accurate description of Whicher.

With two cronies Jesse posted himself in his beloved bushes by the roadside, waited for poor Whicher to show up, and when he showed up stepped out and stuck a gun in his face. The detective's body was found the next day, several miles away. Being a nice, neat young man, Jesse didn't want to mess things up too close to home.

They Did the Wrong Job Well

WHEN all the bad news reached Mr. Pinkerton in his armchair in Kansas City he almost had apoplexy. He marshaled his forces, calling in his most tried and trusted operators from all over the land. When this force was large enough, and at a time when he knew POSITIVELY that Jesse and Frank James were at home, he chartered a special train and sent his cohorts to Kearney after the boys. The cohorts, heavily armed with the customary artillery, and carrying hand grenades and fireballs to boot, reached their destination and silently took the road to the James homestead.

It was midnight, January 25, 1875, when this band of gallant men surrounded the house wherein lived the bold, bad lads, for whose blood they lusted so sincerely.

One of the bravest of the bunch sneaked up and quietly raised a window. Immediately an old Negro woman turned in an alarm. Mother Zerelda, followed by her husband, Dr. Samuel, and their two children, rushed downstairs. The man outside lighted a fireball and threw it into the room. It burst into flames, it lighted the interior, and then the man threw something else. This time it was a bomb, a hand grenade!

A terrific explosion followed. The Pinkerton cohorts fled—no one knows why, because Jesse and Frank had beaten them to that part of the game during the afternoon and were already miles away. When the neighbors arrived it was to find that the detectives had done only one thing well.

They had thoroughly martyrized Jesse James by killing his eight-year-old half brother, Archie Payton Samuel, and blowing off Mother Zerelda's right arm.

(*To be continued next week*)

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The Speediest Sport

Ernest Quigley, who umps the year around, ought to be qualified to say which it is

By GRANTLAND RICE

© Keystone

Ernest Quigley umpires any ball game

OF ALL the sports, which is the fastest, the hardest, the most scientific, the hardest to umpire or referee?

I put some of those questions up to Ernest Quigley, one of the best of baseball's major-league umpires. When the baseball season ends he starts as referee or umpire in leading football games—he has worked in the Harvard-Yale game many seasons. When football ends he swings into action as the nation's busiest basketball official. He is one of the few who know no rest from January to January.

"In discussing the rival merits of basketball, baseball and football," says this all-round official, "I have found this out: Basketball is the fastest game to handle. Baseball calls for quicker, keener judgment. And football makes the biggest demand upon both speed and quick judgment.

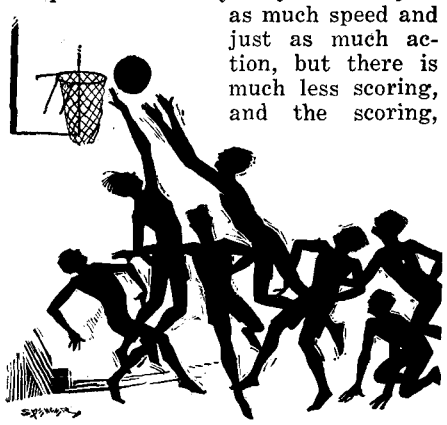
"Basketball is a much faster game than football or baseball. The action is almost continuous, and it is always at top speed. In a football game lasting two hours, I believe the records show that the ball is actually in play only 14 or 15 minutes. Everyone knows the intermissions in baseball, but there are no such delays in basketball. It is all speed—all action—and it calls for just as much science and team play. It has come on like a prairie fire in the past few years, and there are many more players than football would ever think of drawing.

"Wind and general condition have to be much better for basketball than for either football or baseball.

"Baseball, in my opinion, calls for the quickest, surest judgment because everything happens in such a hurry. Take a runner going to first. He is traveling around at the rate of 9 yards a second. He is often thrown out by just a foot, sometimes less. A foot means just one twenty-seventh of a second.

"Football calls for much more action than baseball, for complete concentration and quick judgment. The scene shifts rapidly in football, and there are so many things to watch that might affect the play."

There isn't any question that for speed, action and drama basketball leads the parade. Hockey may call for just as much speed and just as much action, but there is much less scoring, and the scoring, after all, is one of the big features of any contest. There are any number of towns in Indiana where the entire populace plus visitors turn out to see a basketball game.



For speed, action and drama basketball leads the parade

U. & U.

There are many more close and difficult decisions to make in football than in any other game, on account of the wide range of the game and the man-to-man contact. Yet the arguments over this point are hard to settle.

Last fall, around world series time, I listened to a number of major-league managers discussing umpires with much bitterness. And late this fall I heard just as many football coaches discussing football officials with even greater bitterness. The forward pass in football with its various ramifications—such as the screen pass and interference with a receiver—have caused much of the trouble.

For example, in one big game I saw the passer swing wide before throwing the ball. As he ran, members of his own team broke through and began knocking down forward-pass defenders. It is illegal to take out a pass defender or a pass receiver with the ball in the air, but the margin is often a matter of split seconds, and in this case the receiver was allowed to run for the winning touchdown.

Unusual condition is needed for basketball on account of its continued speed. Unusual condition is needed for football and boxing on account of the physical punishment to be absorbed. And boxing is a harder game and demands even better physical condition than football. A football game lasts two hours, and the ball is in motion not more than 15 minutes. In a 15-round boxing match the contestants are plugging away 45 out of the 60 minutes.

Take the last Tunney-Dempsey fight. In the fourth round Tunney nailed Dempsey repeatedly and had him groggy when the bell rang. Dempsey had just 1 minute in which to recuperate. He came back in good shape to start the fifth round, as strong as ever.

The Human Race is Tough

"DEMPSEY," says Tunney, "recuperates quicker than anyone I ever saw. He can be half groggy and get all right again in 6 or 8 seconds."

Suppose Gene Tunney had been in only fair condition when Dempsey floored him. Tunney had 14 seconds in which to recuperate. But a football player can take out 2 minutes. Fourteen seconds are none too long when Dempsey has landed on your jaw seven times.

The average boxing match doesn't call for unusually good condition, and there are not many good, fast fights, but when a good one comes along physical condition is a big factor.

There may be some argument as to whether football or fighting is the harder game, but Monte Munn, who has tried them both, votes for fighting.

"Baseball frequently needs a keener, quicker eye," according to Umpire Quigley, "both for player and umpire. Take the case of a fast curve. It may just shave the corner. It may pass over the corner and then curve away from the plate. It may miss the corner and curve in back of the plate. These are all matters of fractional inches. And the batter must make his choice in a tenth of a second as the ball comes winging at him in a pinch."

And if you don't think a fight is as hard to handle as a football or baseball game, you might talk with the referee and the judges of the Dempsey-Sharkey fight last summer. They failed to agree on a round. One would give a certain round to Dempsey, another to Sharkey, and the third call it a draw. There is always a wide disagreement in any fight that is not entirely one-sided.

One of the greatest and fairest of all competitions is an eight-oared race. Eight men get in a shell and they row the distance. No time is taken out and no substitutes can be rushed through the water to help. And they hit the best pace they can carry for four miles.

Few realize that an oarsman starts getting ready in the fall for the supreme test in May and June. The football player has just two and a half months in which to train, play and finish his season. The oarsman puts in six or seven months of hard work so that after rowing three and a half miles he may be in shape to meet any challenge with his power and his smoothness of stroke intact. And there is rarely any intricate decision from an official to decide the fate of the race.

When it comes to pressure and condition, stamina and strain, don't overlook those training for the 1,500-meter distance for the coming Olympic games. This race is now a sprint. Someone will have to move along at the rate of 4.10 for the mile to win. And if you happen to get a close look at the faces of those competing at Amsterdam next summer you will get a general idea of how far human suffering can go—and still carry on. I've seen more than one collapse under this modern pace. And more than one will collapse in the coming summer at Amsterdam.

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The Dear, Dead Days—Thank

Above: Natty—just real natty—there wasn't another thing you could say about Ned's outfit from the derby to the trim if somewhat effeminate vehicle. The unlively expression on Ned's face may be ascribed to the fact that this wasn't play—this was being photographed. He wasn't always like that

At the right: Stance, which used to be considered so important, apparently isn't the force it once was in golf. All you have to do is watch Imogene—who was one of our pioneer woman golfers—and you'll get a vivid idea of what we have in mind. Lulu (on the left) just went along for the walk. The sport outfits on the girls were the last word—and why not?

Maybe there wasn't many a long winter evening's toil represented in the elaborate braiding that did about as thorough a job of encircling Oscar as you'd find in a month of Sundays. Oscar always had a permanently startled look, which was certainly wasted if he didn't grow up into a professional accident victim

At the right: Just a couple of clerical errors. It was for this that Daguerre labored developing photography, was it, hey? Well, it just shows. Incidentally those hats were all right as long as you were running before the wind

At the left: A theological student working at it till it hurts. The necktie and facial expression were part of the course but the hat and the haircut had no excuse

At the right: In the early 1900's office girls had all the sex appeal of a Bill Hart movie. Still the good wives of the day were jealous of them

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Goodness

Remember that the subjects of these photographs thought they were pretty hot once. It'll keep you from getting conceited

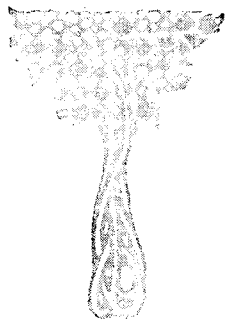
At the left: Not even the phony scroll could make the learned counselor look as if he were not on the verge of breaking out into "McNamara's Band" at the drop of a hat. And if you must drop one why not the counselor's irritant?

At the right: "Why, I can hear you just as plain—" The telephone was originally installed in offices for business purposes but from its earliest days it carried its share of him-and-her chit-chat. Generally in an hour when the boss was frantically trying to reach his office by phone from outside. Heigh-ho, the girls haven't changed much

Above: You got service with your photographs in the d. d. days. Here, for instance, the photographer supplied the synthetic rowboat, the lighthouse, the dizzy steamers and even the yachting caps. All you had to furnish was the face and that could be dispensed with in most cases quite happily

Hoop-la! Nellie and Lorrie are off on the hunt and the birds and the rabbits are taking to cover. (We doubt it.) There's not much to choose between the hunting gowns, hats and poses but the ensemble is simply devastating. The girls were ahead of their time

Above: Notice the difference: Elsie appropriates her share of the chair as a bit of casual background while Faulkner uses his share as something to grip. You might have known the former would grow up into one of those ultra-efficient secretaries while Faulkner developed—if that's the word—into a locomotive numberer



The only one of the trio who doesn't look miserably apprehensive is the kid and he doesn't know what it's all about. Not that Poppa and Momma seem over-endowed with intelli—tck! tck! If you can't say something good of a person just don't say anything: that's our motto. But we can point to Pop's weskit

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Off Skagerrak

By GEORGE S. BROOKS

DO NOT laugh when I say that I had some knowledge of the sea before I was old enough to walk. Why not? The first thing I learned was to watch the weather vane which topped the square steeple of the Lutheran church.

Long before I knew north from south, I could have told you whether or not it was possible for the boats to come in. If the gilded arrow pointed toward the lighthouse, and if the wind held a steady roar-up, instead of being puffy, I knew the boats would be held in the inlet, outside the bar, until the wind changed.

We were all fishermen in the village. Those who went away became sailors.

Now, you have read many books, so I can make you to know where the village was located. Doubtless you have heard of the Free City of Danzig? Well, our village was six hours of sailing from there. That is to say, it was six hours, if one started with a fair tide and if the wind held good. At other times it might be a whole day or even a day and a night.

My father was a fisherman, but my brother Adolph and I, we determined to become sailors. Each time we went to Danzig, carrying a load of dried cod to be sold on the fish quay, we said to each other that for ourselves we would have nothing of small boats and fish nets.

I cannot tell you when we first went to Danzig with my father. He took us with him, saying, "Two boys are as good as half a man." We saved him from the necessity of hiring someone to help him on the trip. For a man and a half could, at a pinch, manage his yawl, both steering and setting or taking in the canvas. Of course that was easier when we were loaded than when we came back light. But I have seen the time when it was all that Adolph and I could do, in a heavy sea, to hold the wheel, while my father set the stays'l which steadies a yawl in a stiff breeze.

Adolph and I were lazy boys. That was why we wished to be sailors on big ships, such as we saw discharging their cargoes in Danzig. We grew very weary of hauling up the baskets of dried cod from below deck with the creaking old windlass. On the big ships we could see hoists and winches worked by steam. We thought there must be very little hard work to do on a big ship.

So, long before our time to be called for military service, we applied through the mayor of the village to be allowed to perform our service in the navy. It made an opportunity for us to learn about bigger ships, so we could become sailors in the merchant marine when we finished our tour of duty.

MY BROTHER was older than I. And when his time came to be called he went, as he had requested, with the navy recruits to the training ship. Later he wrote us he had been drafted on the admiral's flagship of the first scouting group, the battle cruisers. Of course I refer to the High Seas Fleet of the old Imperial German Navy. My brother wrote home to us very regularly, every four weeks, and he sent to me a picture of the cruiser.

I longed for the day when I would be called and when I would become a sailor like Adolph, instead of a mere fisherman.

Seldom do things happen as one anticipates, however. When the call came the World War had started. On one day my father was sent away with his yawl to sweep Russian mines in the Baltic. He was selected because he knew the coast line like a pilot. On the next day I was summoned to report.

Instead of being proud and happy the hour I left the village, I was fearful. There was no one left at home to care for my brothers and sisters and my grandmother, who kept house for them. They were all crying when I went away.

But the mayor said it was an order, that the Fatherland would be kind to my family, and that it was wrong to think of myself at such a time. So I departed, leaving the village and my family and friends in confusion.

Adolph and I never learned what happened to my father and the yawl. Nor did we again hear from my grandmother and the sisters and brothers. The very village was swept away, as one sweeps sidewalk trash into the gutter, by the war in East Prussia. Our family and friends vanished, as if a great wave had come ashore and drowned them and carried away the bodies in the undertow.

The last time that I left the village (for, owing to the typhus I was unable to go back until the war was over, and then it was too late to find anything except the places where buildings had been) it was late at night. I remember that leave-taking. The lighthouse at the inlet was dark, lest it serve as a guide to Russian and British ships.

In all my memory that was the first time I ever saw the night come without the flashing beacon on the far point. Perhaps that terrified me.

I was accustomed to having my father away from home, but not prepared for the darkening of the light.

About the time I finished my drill on the training ship, by good luck I found my brother.

Adolph had obtained the patronage of a high-born lieutenant on the flag cruiser. Through the influence of this kind man, it was arranged so that I could serve on the same ship. It was the cruiser Lützow. Adolph and I were less lonely, now that we could see each other every day. We even became assigned to the same watch, so that we had our leisure together.

EVERYTHING on shipboard is very orderly, as you may have observed. It is like a city, where all men have their various trades. My brother was a signalman, while I was a hospital apprentice. So, when the members of the crew took their stations for battle practice, my brother was a part of the system of telephones and speaking tubes that carry messages and orders from one part of the ship to another. I, who had been trained in the school for hospital attendants, was stationed in the sick bay.

Now I, who as you see am big and strong, would rather have been mustered with the deck force or been a member of a torpedo or gun crew. I did not like to sterilize the walls and fold sheets precisely, so, on the cot beds. But one has no choice in such matters. My brother Adolph laughed at me for protesting over something already settled. When I was first assigned to a platoon as a recruit, on the day that they issued me my first blue uniform, even then it was all written down on a paper, "Carl Huene, Hospital Apprentice."

My brother, who was eighteen months in the service, had been made a petty officer and permitted to transfer from a gun crew to the signal division. That was explained, as I have hinted, like

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As soon as I saw their turrets blaze, I began to be disturbed about the columns of water the shells kicked up near us

the other privileges he enjoyed, because the lieutenant favored him. My brother taught the lieutenant how to sail a schooner-rigged yacht in a race in the Kaiser's presence.

Now I wish to tell you something about our life on shipboard.

It is true that, later, there was trouble among the sailors and even a mutiny, for which many men would have been put to death had not the former Kaiser abandoned us and run away to Holland. The mutiny started when our officers wished to put to sea and use up all the ammunition we had left, after our army had permitted itself to be defeated. It was the right of the officers to order this, but the men forgot their duty. However, there were wrongs and injuries on both sides.

At the time of which I am telling you, nothing of this was even dreamed. The food was not bad. We were all contented. In the Hospital Corps all we had to do was learn our duties, against the day when we would engage the English fleet.

On my very last voyage, in B cabin on this deck which I now supervise, there was an old lady from southwestern America. She must know from me all things about myself. So I told her, as I have told you, that I was once in the naval service of my country.

"Steward," she said, among other strange things, "what was it they fed you to give you courage to face our boys?"

I did not comprehend what she meant until she explained she had heard all Germans were treated with a drug before a battle.

"Madame," I stated very respectfully to her, "I have worked in the pharmacy on a warship just before a great battle. I saw nothing of drugs given to the men."

"But you gave them a drug that made them very active in body and dulled to fear and pain," she insisted.

I told her that I did not believe our surgeons knew of any such drug. I told her I had fought against the English without seeing it.

"Perhaps you didn't need it against the English," she snapped out, "but your chemists had to invent it when you fought the Americans."

Now, the truth is we never worried about a battle, for we expected to kill others and not to be killed ourselves. That is a better preparation than any drug, even the marvelous one of which the old lady spoke. I have retold her words, for I thought that her ignorance was amusing.

I have always liked jokes with my friends, and there were plenty of jokes among us who worked in the sick bay. I have seen my brother Adolph laugh for a good half hour, on his off watch, just to see us play the bandaging game.

It is an exercise that two apprentices played in Paris. First one and then the other pretended to be wounded, always in some portion of his body which, like a face wound below the eye, is difficult to bandage. He would say "Here!" and point to the spot. Then the other must bandage the injury properly.

After that was done, the positions were reversed and the man who had played doctor would imagine an injury to himself, to which the other must apply treatment. Each strove to think of something that would be difficult for the other and in this way we learned the practice of first aid, as you call it. The ship's surgeon would laugh himself at some of the injuries that were imagined.

One year and five months I had served on the cruiser when, one day, our battle cruiser group all sent their commanders aboard us to speak with the admiral. When they were dismissed to return to their ships, we weighed out of the anchorage and, with the other units of the High Seas Fleet, put to sea. This was not extraordinary, as we were all used to battle practice and on such cruises all things were done as if we were to engage the British.

Therefore one thought very little about it when the bugle blew and we took our stations. Adolph, my brother, joked with me as he went to his post in the Diesel dynamo-room.

"I would rather lie on one of your white cots in the sick bay," he said, "than to be shut up below."

IN a warship there are many, many compartments, all shut off from one another, like separate houses on land. One telephones or calls through the tubes from compartment to compartment. Some of them, like the Diesel dynamo chamber, grow very stuffy when the bulkheads are closed and locked.

While we were still feeling our way out through the mine fields, it became evident to me that our enterprise was to be something extraordinary which I had never seen before. There were many indications which did not escape my notice.

First of all we received orders to throw overboard certain wooden fixtures. I heard an officer say they might catch fire. And then, instead of standing a drill and an inspection, I saw our surgeon laying out his instruments.

On former occasions I had simply stood by for orders. And sometimes, when there had been an accident, like that of the seaman who fell down a hatchway and broke his leg or the flareback of the powder in the gun turret, I had gone out with a stretcher and helped bring in the injured.

This time I was sent up to the bridge and told to carry both first-aid packets and new gas masks for the officers who were stationed there. New masks of an improved pattern were broken out from supply cases, and I noted that the officers tried the valves with some attention.

I made it my first duty to soap the eyepieces of the masks so that they would not steam over should the officers be forced to wear them. Then I stood to one side out of the way, not to hinder the men who were navigating the ship.

Once or twice the admiral himself came to the bridge, and the well-born one, the lieutenant, who had been kind to my brother, was constantly running from the chartroom, where the admiral was, to the bridge.

You have (*Continued on page 42*)

Illustrated by COURTNEY ALLEN

Good luck—on the training ship I found my brother

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The Valley Girl

By

The Story Thus Far:

GAVIN COLE, a young engineer, and Wilgus Bett, his employer, are working on a land-development project in the Reginskill Valley in New Jersey against Jeff Christie, who claims to be working a similar plan but Bett says that Christie is working for the water companies.

There is bitter war between the two camps although Cole is in love with Jeff's sister, Faith, though forbidden by Jeff to see her.

Gavin is taking a walk one Sunday up the hill when he sees coming down a track a gondola car full of rock. The brakes have evidently loosened. Gavin jumps up on the car before it is going very fast in order to put on the brakes again and stop it, only to find that the brakes have been removed. The car gathers speed. Gavin shoots his pistol to warn the people ahead, then grabs a tree branch and drops to the ground while the car forges ahead off the track into the pit at the end which is part of the Christie enterprise.

Gavin's warning had saved the lives of Christie and several of his men but Christie is convinced that Cole is to blame for this piece of sabotage as well as many others which he claims have been perpetrated. Cole convinces him that he knows nothing of this and will investigate. Then he goes off unexpectedly meeting Faith. He is talking to her, trying to renew their friendship when a shot goes whizzing by them. They discover that one of Christie's men fired the shot but Christie has sent him off and fired him.

Cole then goes to Bett to report and the reader is shown that Bett knows and approves of all the sabotage but is deceiving Cole. Cole goes on blindly obeying Bett. Cole and his blasting gang are at work doing some blasting that will imperil Christie's enterprise and further Bett's when Christie and some of his men and Heather, Faith's dog, arrive.

THE blasting gang followed the direction of Gavin Cole's pointing finger. Instantly they bunched together, gripping drills and hammers and rocks and anything else at hand which might serve as an offensive weapon.

They had been told in advance that they might expect hostile interruption of some kind. They had known that they were not paid double to start work at gray dawn and to strain every endeavor to complete this rush job, merely to gratify a whim of Bett's. They knew well that their work was a race with trouble of some nature. That trouble apparently had materialized.

They had lost their frantic race against time. It remained now to repel these invaders and to incapacitate them, if possible, from preventing the completion of the blast job. But the task did not promise to be easy. There was an air to the throng of newcomers that spelt reckless determination.

At Christie's impatient command Heather had ceased his plangent barking and had dropped back among the clustering men he had been leading so gayly. At another command from Jeff these men halted.

Christie took a forward step, addressing Gavin and ignoring the menace of the close-packed blast gang.

"You have just two minutes to clear your men off that rock," he said, with exaggerated calm. "I advise you to use the time to advantage. I'm not bluffing. Clear them off, and start them back to their camp."

"You don't seem to understand," protested Gavin, unruffled, "that we are on our company's own option ground. We have a legal right here and—"

"The law is not awake so early in the morning," interrupted Christie, "but *I* am. Your two minutes are passing, Mr. Cole. Will you order your men off that rock?"

"No," answered Gavin, as though declining regretfully to grant some favor begged by a child. "No, I'm afraid I can't. And, since you are so punctilious about trespass, let me remind you that you and your Falstaff army of roughneck tramps are on our company's posted land. If I may say so, you must have an uncommonly strong pull with the Board of Pardons to keep such a rabble of habitual criminals at liberty."

Cole had no desire to be flippant. But he yearned to scourge Christie's men to a blind rage which should make them get out of hand. He had entire faith in his own tough blasting gang's power to take care of themselves and to hold the rock until reënforcements could arrive.

But he did not like at all the deadly quiet of Christie's manner, nor the calm resolution of the men behind Jeff. To him it forecast danger, far more than would a wholesale volley of curses and of rocks. These Christie men were too orderly, too grimly self-contained. They needed unsettling.

To his disappointment his sneering description of them did not shake the group's steadfast aspect.

"I beg you to avert bloodshed by taking advantage of the time I offered you," said Christie earnestly. "That time is all but up. It is your last chance."

"I suppose it must be," assented Cole. "Now, if you've quite done making a monkey of yourself, I'll order my men to go on with their work. This is our wakeful day. We—"

CHRISTIE turned to his waiting followers and addressed them loudly enough for the others to hear.

"You have your instructions," said he. "When I've cleared the rock, you're to run in and clear out those blast holes. Keep your heads. Remember you're handling high explosives. But remember if you handle them the way I told you to, there's no danger. All set?"

He turned back to the puzzled Gavin.

"Your last chance, Mr. Cole," he said politely.

Gavin stepped forward among his tensely grouped men.

"So you said before, Mr. Christie," he made answer with equal politeness. "And aren't you rather stretching out a very silly situation? Your good collie is far more formidable than any of those reformatory-alumni scarecrows behind you. It's my 'last chance.' Yes? What then?"

"You are right in saying Heather is more formidable just now than the rest of us," answered Christie. "That's why I let him come along. Heather!"

At the summons the big bronze collie ran up to his master, standing before him in eager expectation. The whole-sale tensity of these humans' nerves and tempers was beginning to affect the dog with an elfin exhilaration.

As Christie spoke he shook the paper from a bundle he carried. The paper drifted to the dew-soaked ground. In his hands Jeff held four dynamite cartridges, strapped two-and-two, each pair coupled to a short fuse.

Before the perplexed watchers could grasp his intent Jeff had ignited one of the fuses and had thrust the twin-sticks between the collie's jaws.

Heather, well pleased at his novel burden, shook his head merrily, clamping his teeth down on the explosives and looking up at his master for further orders. The fuse sputtered the fiercer as the motion fanned it.

"Heather," said Christie, pointing to Gavin, and speaking with terrible emphasis, "take it to him. *Take* it!"

Now this was one of the collie's simplest and favorite accomplishments: the carrying, at command, of any object to some designated human. That the human in the present case was his cherished friend Gavin Cole added zest to the game.

EAGER to show off before so many fascinatedly interested people, Heather pranced proudly to the rock, carrying the fuse-lit dynamite.

Straight toward Gavin, standing among his blasters, sped the dog.

Not one of that blasting gang but was as familiar with dynamite's awesome action and with the precise time duration of fuse lengths as with the contents of his own dinner pail.

Not a man in that danger-inured gang but knew the fuse on those twin cartridges might be expected to burn but a bare ten seconds longer before the dynamite should spread death and mutilation to all within reach of its immeasurable force.

Up the shale bank's steep side scrambled the dog, happily bent on laying this sputtery burden in dramatic playfulness at the feet of his friend Cole.

Several men were between Gavin and himself as the collie started up the bank. But none was between them by the time the collie had bounded to the summit.

There was a universal backward surge of the blasters and of their foreman. They began to leap from the bank at the rear like raindrops rebounding from a

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ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

"The fight has only begun. Wait for the Main Bout of the Evening"

Illustrated by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

pane. The first of them to touch lower ground started off across country at a clip which would have won him eternal first place among foot-race record holders for any distances at all.

Gavin Cole alone held his ground as the group of blasters broke and ran. Indeed, he took a forward step to meet the rollickingly advancing dog and the death packet Heather was bringing so confidently to him. Cole's voice smashed wrathfully through the looser volume of running feet and of sacred oaths.

"Gerritt!" he yelled. "Get your men back here! There isn't any danger, you yellow fools! Get them back here, Gerritt; if you have to shoot, do it. There's no danger! Don't let Christie's men rush the rock or your work's wasted! Get 'em *back!*"

Valiantly did the foreman plunge among his scattering men, yanking them by the waistbands or by the hair, to stay their mad flight. But by himself he could not have stemmed the panic rush. It was Gavin who did that.

It is fright nature to glance back to see how closely a pursuing danger is following. Back looked man after man of the blasting gang as he fled. And as each fugitive looked he came to a shambling halt of sheer astonishment.

Gavin, even while he was shouting his furious commands, had met the frolicking collie as Heather reached the rock crest.

Before Heather could lay the sputtering trophy at his feet, Gavin had taken it gently from between the dog's reluctant jaws.

He did not hurl it from him as if seeking the bare chance of putting enough distance between himself and the dynamite to lessen the imminent blast's effects. Instead he stood holding the twin cartridges carelessly in one hand, while he patted Heather and continued to roar commands to the gang to return. He did not so much as glance down at the sticks.

IT WAS this the blasters saw as they looked back in terror. Well did they know that the exploding of those twin cartridges would wreak infinitely more damage than lay latent in their own dynamite volume. The detonation would be certain to explode some or all of the charges already tamped into the shale bank as well as the boxes of still-unused explosives at the side of the bank.

That was why they had run away so crazily. That was why such men as Gerritt had laid hold of struggled like wild beasts to tear free. The multiple explosion must mean certain and horrible death to anyone within many yards of the rock. There had been mere sanity, not cowardice, in the retreat of the wontedly fearless explosive handlers.

But, peering fearfully behind them, as they dashed for safety, unable to resist trying to see how near its close destination the fuse had burned, they beheld Gavin, idly holding the dynamite with one hand while he patted the collie with the other and shouted orders to them to come back. He did not even seek to pinch out the sizzling fuse.

Peering behind them they beheld Gavin idly holding the dynamite

The fuse spat its way right viciously into the cartridges. Nothing happened.

The supreme instant went by flatly—the breath of time after a fuse vanishes and before the detonation. The twin cartridge sticks remained intact. So did Gavin Cole.

"Back here!" he yelled anew. "Man the rock, all of you. They're going to rush it."

He would not have had time for even this rallying call had not Christie's men wasted a moment or two in blinking dully at the man who handled thus an explosive which he must surely believe fatal. His seeming dare-devil pluck held their attention to the neglect of the orders they had received from their chief.

Christie himself was eying Cole with dumb amazement. He could not understand the unexpected rôle Gavin had elected to play in the dynamite drama. It did not seem possible that any sane man would have picked up thus, and held, such an explosive, when its fuse gave warning of immediate destruction to all around.

But only for a moment did bewilderment hold Christie. He called a direction to his men. Casting off their daze, the twenty-five rallied in a body to the work in hand. Up the steep bank they charged to where Gavin Cole stood awaiting them alongside the dog and where the empty rock holes must be plugged with cement and the explosive-filled rock holes must be emptied carefully of their deadly contents.

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Christie had hoped that the feat of Heather's dynamite rush would clear the rock of its workers and of Gavin as well long enough for his men to surge over it and begin to draw the tamped charges from the holes; then to fight off the possible return attack of the blasters.

It would have been comparatively easy for part of his men, from the summit, to fend off the blasters from remounting the steep bank while the rest should render the drill holes worthless for future use.

Now the element of total surprise was gone. To achieve what they had set out to do it was necessary for Christie and his men to fight: to fight for all they had in them of strength and prowess. Unless they could hold the rock safely until the injunction could be served and until notice of its service should reach Gavin here, their morning's venture must go for less than nothing and the shale shelf's demolition must go on unchecked.

Wherefore, charging in the van of his fast-following men, Christie swarmed up the rock. But a half score of the blasters, under the bellowed commands of Gavin Cole and of Gerritt, already were climbing to their deserted post.

Goaded by the rage that comes of having run away from a nonexistent peril, they flung themselves back on the bank, avid to wipe out the disgrace and to wreak mighty punishment on the enemy who had seen their rout. Others of the fugitives had halted when lack of detonation proved the harmlessness of the dynamite. As rage-scourged as their fellows, they ran back to the fray, snatching up the hammers and drills and rocks and other weapons they had dropped.

If they had been dangerous opponents before, they were doubly reckless now in their hope of redeeming their panic run. In a scattered line they raced for the rock and up it from the side opposite that which Christie's solid-packed gang was scaling.

Jeff Christie was the first man to reach the top. Seeking foothold on the shale surface, still slippery from the night's dew, he leaped for Gavin Cole, who stood calmly awaiting his onslaught.

Gerritt had wheeled back to his superior as he saw the end of the retreat. Now, head down, he ran at Christie from one side.

THE foreman was small and apelike of build. He had not gained and held his ascendancy over his super-tough gang of blasters without a genius for rough-house fighting. This genius he now put into whirlwind practice.

He was a yard nearer Jeff than was Cole. Christie, with the tail of his eye, noted Gerritt's charge and instinctively wheeled to meet it. The two men came together with a breath-expelling shock.

They clinched, stamping the slippery footing for safer balance; tight-enlaced, heaving, panting, snarling.

Then it was that Heather took a hand in the game.

By the time Christie and Ham Gerritt had rushed to their clinch, the collie had flown at the man who thus assailed his adored master. He launched himself upon the writhing Gerritt in a savage spring whose impact knocked both men clean off their insecure balance.

Locked in a right unloving embrace, Christie and the foreman rolled over and over, Heather darting in and seizing any part of Gerritt's anatomy that chanced to whirl past his confused line of vision.

Over the precipitous edge of the rock the clinched combatants rolled down the bumpy side to the softer ground below. Their tangled and struggling bodies collided with the furiously dancing and lunging Heather as they went over the edge, carrying the dog down the steep slope with them.

At the bottom Gerritt landed uppermost, his bullet head striking heavily against a stone. The contact stunned him momentarily. As Christie staggered to his feet Heather plunged afresh at the unguarded throat of his master's foe. With a harshly panted word Jeff made him desist.

Then, the collie following excitedly at his heels, Christie began once more to climb the shale shelf, from whose top a babel of strife and blasphemy resounded.

GAVIN had not had time to follow the fortunes of his foreman's bout with the commander of the rival forces. Even as they clinched, the first of Jeff's followers reached the crest and instantly threw himself at Cole.

He was a lanky mountaineer, tall and wiry, but with the average mountaineer's very rudimentary knowledge of boxing and love for close-quarters fighting. Thus he came at Gavin wide open, his outspread arms clutching at the shorter man.

Cole had ample time to gauge the distance and to step in and out again. As he stepped in he hit. The stepping out was a mere formality, for the mountaineer's groping arms had flapped limply to their owner's sides.

The mountaineer himself was spinning backward over the summit's verge, a vacant stare on his lean face. Cole's left fist had caught him prettily in the stringy throat, just below the chin and in the center of the protuberant Adam's apple. Like Lerner, a few days earlier, the victim had added greatly to the blow's momentum by running into it.

But now a swarm of Christie men were coming over the sides and finding foothold on the summit. Most of them carried wrenches or spanners or cranks or other metal tools which they had been able to snatch up in the brief interval between Christie's summoning them and the time their forced march for the shale shelf had started.

From the far side, in more ragged formation and by twos and threes, the blasters were appearing over the top. For an instant between the two conflicting parties stood Gavin Cole.

Three of Christie's men—the vanguard—rushed him.

Giving ground, Cole ducked under a flailing blow from the foremost and countered with a right to the heart at close range. The blow was delivered with frightful momentum and skill.

Without waiting to note its result, Gavin was out again and meeting the joint attack of the other two. Moving lightly and with bewildering speed and shiftiness, he dived between them, blocking the right swing wherewith the nearer of the pair sought to lay him low. Then, wisely avoiding a clinch, he sidestepped and dropped to his knees to dodge the second man's murderous sweep with a car crank.

The weapon was as awkward as it was lethal. Thus Cole's trained swiftness enabled him to miss its full force. It grazed his elbow, numbing his left arm for the instant. But before the crank could be whirled aloft once more Gavin had uppercut its wielder smartly under the point of the jaw, causing the man to rise abruptly on his toes and reel backward dizzily, spitting out broken teeth.

Two more men were at Cole from opposite sides. One of them, in mid-charge, crumpled gawkily and collapsed, under a hammer tap on the skull from the nearest of the onrushing blasters.

Then the opposing forces clashed, and there was no longer any scope for science or forethought.

The knotted mass of fighters were close jammed together, with no order or plan of action. They smote and kicked and gouged, using their crude weapons and their heavy boot toes indiscriminately. When two foes were shoved together by surrounding pressure too tightly to get their arms into action, they butted and bit, with hideously defacing results.

IT WAS a free-for-all, with no scope for leadership or for anything else but indiscriminate mayhem. The long-nourished hatred of the rival forces, augmented tenfold by the morning's happenings, was venting itself in primal brute blood lust.

Gavin Cole, in the heart of the swirling and homicidal throng, kept his head, fighting coolly and effectively whenever he could get free use of his often cramped arms. Cannily he ducked and shifted and dodged the random smashes of wrench or bar or hammer that played all about him.

Back across the explosive-riddled top of the shale bank reeled the warriors as the initial charge of Christie's twenty-five men bore the fewer and less concentrated blasters along on its flood tide.

But, trained rough-house warriors as they were, they did not rush blindly into the central scrimmage. All of these late comers possessed too much generalship for that.

A single glance told them their comrades were being driven backward by a thick-jammed body of Christie men. There were far better ways of evening the score than by plunging to their fellows' side of the battle.

One after another they skirted the clumped fighters, gaining the rear of the slow-moving human mass, unnoted by the Christie clan, who were too busy with the adversaries directly in front of them to have eyes or thoughts for any possible flanking party.

These rapidly augmented reënforcements took an artistic joy in attacking from behind, bringing down their drills or hammers or rocks with skilled power upon the heads of their foes.

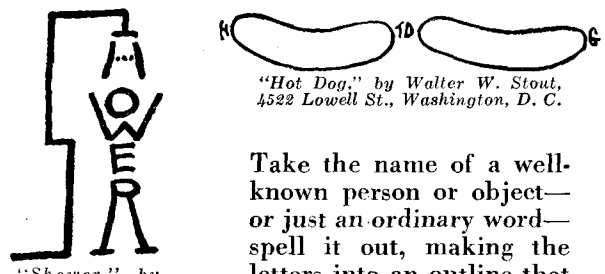
For a few seconds the Christie contingent were far too much absorbed with the swiftly retreating main body of blasters in front of them to realize that they were between two fires and that from behind their men were being stunned or maimed by deftly wielded stone and metal.

Jeff Christie had leaped into the center of the main fight the instant he had regained the summit after his rolling struggle with Gerritt.

Now, he noted that the pressure of his own men behind him was lessening. He risked a backward glance to learn the cause. His sudden turn of the head served him well. For a rock hammer missed his skull by a hair's breadth, smiting his right shoulder obliquely and bringing him to his knees. As he shrank numbly to one side to avoid a possible second stroke he saw Heather bound ragingly at his assailant's throat.

Then, as the hammer wielder aimed a smash at the (*Continued on page 37*)

Make a Nameograph

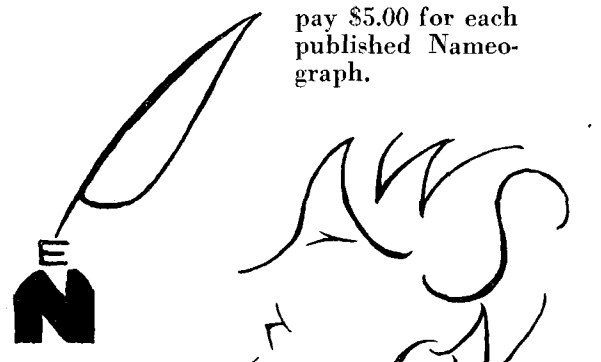


"Hot Dog," by Walter W. Stout, 4522 Lowell St., Washington, D. C.

"Shower," by W. H. Taylor, care Mrs. L. M. Blackford, University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.

"Camera," by Thoma McLaughlin, 553 Orchard Ave., Bellevue, Pa.

Take the name of a well-known person or object—or just an ordinary word—spell it out, making the letters into an outline that will depict the word. Then send the result to Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Collier's will pay $5.00 for each published Nameograph.



"Pen," by D. D. Roberts, Peru, Ind.

"Swanson," by Miss Claire Bruce, care Earl Widtman, 10 Pearl St., Utica, N. Y.

"Jack Dempsey," by Robert F. Fichey, 2015 Bonnycastle Ave., Louisville, Ky.

"Paul Revere," by T. Bayard Beatty, 109 Poplar Ave., Wayne, Pa.

"Jones," by Miss Frances Crabb, 2014 San Nicholas, Ventura, Cal.

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Welcome Home

By ALICE DUER MILLER

Of all the difficulties Tom never thought of the one that Barbara actually put in the way of his rescuing her

The Story Thus Far:

TOM BENTHAM, a young newspaper man, who has not entered his home for four years following his father's orders, returns from South America where he had been sent by his newspaper. His father and mother are both dead and the house belongs to him. He uses his old latchkey, walks up to his old room and finds a beautiful young lady in his bed.

She tells him the house has been sold, and orders him out. He goes but next day he hunts up his father's lawyer, Robinson, who tells him the house has not been sold. Together they hunt through it and find no one but the housekeeper. Half convinced Tom starts to the Adirondacks for a vacation after refusing to report a sensational divorce and perjury case for his paper, the Carson case.

Robinson sees him off, but on reading about the Carson case, Tom sees a picture of the girl whom he found in his house, Barbara Deane. He gets off the train, rushes back home and finds the girl.

She tells him that her sister has won a divorce because Barbara perjured herself. Now Ira Carson, the husband, is trying to bring a perjury case against Barbara, and Robinson, the sister's lawyer, has hidden her in Bentham's house. Bentham falls in love with Barbara but claims to be in love with Edna, fictitious.

Bentham pledges himself to recover the letter Ira has proving Barbara's guilt. He offers to report the case for his paper, calls on Carson, secures Barbara's picture and a copy of the letter.

A BROWNSTONE front with all the green shades down and no sign of life about it, except a curtain fluttering in the basement windows and a galvanized garbage barrel, neatly covered, standing in the area—who would have imagined it to be the perfect setting for romance better than a palace on the Bosporus, an apartment on the Grand Canal, a villa at Capri or a castle in the Pyrenees.

It was—from Bentham's point of view at least—perfection. That agonizing uncertainty about the next meeting which curses the early stages of most love affairs was now entirely absent. As he walked down the street and mounted the steps, feeling for his latchkey, he had no need to ask himself whether she would be at home. He knew she would be—more securely than many a wife. There was not even any danger of interruption—there was no one who could come to the house, for Robinson, the day after seeing Bentham off, had gone down to the eastern end of Long Island for the week-end, in the course of which he intended to arrange with his elderly relative that she should take with her on her motor trip to Canada a lovely fugitive from justice.

Tom's only problems were, first, to be sufficiently true to Edna, and he wished now that he had made her something different from a dancer, something that necessitated long absences from town—the equivalent of a commercial traveler or a naval officer. And, second, not to take advantage of the situation to bore Miss Deane with his constant presence.

BUT here too he was fortunate, for, since he was her only contact with the outside world, it was inevitable that she should be glad to see him—as, in a lonely countryside, she would be glad to see the postman.

The second morning after that night of conversation both of them slept late, but Barbara was downstairs first.

"Well," said Barbara, "what do you think of Robinson's getting himself smashed up at such a minute as this?"

She tiptoed past the third floor, most considerately, and went down to the library to eat a leisurely breakfast. But when Delia came to take away her tray she inquired rather sharply if Mr. Bentham had had his breakfast and gone. Delia replied that as far as she knew there had not been a sound out of him.

After this Miss Deane glanced over the morning paper, and read the theatrical announcements with close attention. She deplored the custom of advertising female dancers under fanciful names—how could you tell who they were? After this she grew more impatient and less thoughtful, and finally, reflecting that it was absurd for a man who earned his living to sleep till eleven o'clock, she went upstairs, and this time, as she passed through the third floor corridor, her heels rang sharply on the bare wood. The result was satisfactory. In a minute she heard the sound of a bath being drawn.

Bentham—to view now the other side of the picture—started wide-awake at the first tap of her feet. How could he sleep when such joy was awaiting him? He sprang out of bed . . . hurry, hurry: precious seconds were passing. His hands shook so that he could hardly tie his tie. . . . Goodness, she was probably downstairs in the library at this very moment. Now there was only his shoes . . . and a clean pocket handkerchief. . . . Now he was opening his door . . . now he was entering the library—and oh, supreme joy, there she was, sitting in the corner of the sofa, reading. She looked up at him a little vaguely, as if he were the last person she expected to see and yet as if on second thoughts she remembered him perfectly.

"Just awake?" she said.

There seemed to him something divinely friendly and intimate about this simple speech, nor was he in a position to detect anything disingenuous about it.

"I was a little short of sleep," he answered.

"How was Edna?"

"Edna," he returned, "Edna . . ." He stopped.

"No rhapsodies, if you please."

Mrs. Huggins came in with his breakfast, and he rose and took the tray from her, inquiring solicitously about her health as he did so.

Mrs. Huggins was well, but changes in the weather always affected a portion of her anatomy which she described as her "hinch-bone." It took a long time for explanations and sympathy, and then once more Tom returned to his theme.

"It's a curious thing about being in love," he resumed. "The fact is that other women do not become less interesting to you, as is usually stated. One can often judge them fairly and even flatteringly. The truth is that they cease to have any reality for you."

"I think that's very rude," said Miss Deane, "to say that I have no reality to you."

"It isn't rude," replied Tom, calmly pouring out his coffee. "I have no doubt the men who love you feel the same way. For instance, that inheritor of great wealth, whose name I won't mention. I have no doubt as he sits on the deck of his yacht—"

"What *are* you talking about?" said Barbara sternly.

"Or that other nice young fellow who does something in the financial department of one of our greatest motor companies—"

"How do you know all these things?"

"To them I have no doubt *you* are the only woman who has any reality, whereas to me—"

"I shan't gratify you by teasing to find out your source of information."

"To me only Edna is real."

"Have you got a photograph of her?"

"Of course I have."

"Let me see it."

AN IDEA came to him—he liked to be truthful when he could. He put his hand to his pocketbook and drew from it a small photograph.

"Isn't she pretty?" he said, giving it to her without looking at it himself.

She gave a tremendous and to Tom a most satisfactory sort of gasp. "How in the world," she exclaimed, "did you get hold of this?"

He rose and came and looked over her shoulder. "Oh, I see my mistake," he said. "Well, I got that, Miss Deane, from a gentleman who does not, I regret to say, think very highly of you."

"That unhappily does not identify him."

"I got it from your brother-in-law."

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Her face grew tense. "From Ira? Oh, has Ira got hold of you?"

"I should have put it the other way. The paper sent me to interview him yesterday afternoon."

Her brow lowered. "I see. That's where you found out all those things about me."

"The things I found out about you! . . . Oh, dear, it's very disillusionizing. . . . I had thought you such a nice girl. A little fanciful perhaps . . . a little prone to invention. . . ."

Illustrated by JULES GOTLIEB

"I want to marry him, and I will. What else is left for me? He has ruined my name. Besides I love him"

"Why did he give you my picture?"

"So that I might know you if I should ever be so fortunate as to run across you. He offered me twenty-five thousand dollars to find you. There is a price, madam, on that lovely head. Your brother-in-law is of the opinion that reporters are clever fellows and might be able to succeed where detectives have failed."

She looked at him seriously. "It's a great deal of money," she said.

"Are you suggesting—"

"I am trying to think," she answered, "of some way by which you could get it and I could still get away, but I'm afraid there isn't any. I hope," she added without any pause, "that you won't tell Edna about the reward."

"Of course I shan't."

"She'd want you to win it."

"No, she wouldn't."

"Of course she would—she'd want you to earn twenty-five thousand dollars to spend on her. Besides, if she knew about me, she'd like you to betray me of course."

"I RESENT that statement," he said. "Why should you attribute low, mercenary motives to a woman about whom you know nothing, except that I have told you I love her?"

"I've taken a dislike to her," said Miss Deane very pleasantly.

"Whether you have or not," said Tom, "I must ask you to be civil in the way you speak of her."

"Well, I never shall be," said Miss Deane, "never. It may be all imagination or it may be inspiration, but I know she's not the right sort, and I shall never be anything but poisonous about her. I shouldn't wonder if eventually I had my effect upon you in turning you against her. Anyhow, I mean to try."

"Can you imagine what she would say about you?"

"You mean that she's vile-tongued?"

"On the contrary—she is extraordinarily sweet-tempered and always thinks the best of everyone."

"Just a moron, I should say."

He laughed from mere light-heartedness. "She's as gentle, as gentle—"

"When men say a woman is gentle they mean that she grovels to them. Why do men insist on being groveled to?"

"It's an art, groveling is, and one I'm sorry to say that you, Miss Deane, do not possess."

"Pooh, how do you know? I could grovel beautifully, but I don't care to. Tell me something. Would Edna be jealous?"

"I don't think I understand. Of what?"

"Don't be rude. Of me."

He shook his head, as if he wondered at such petty methods.

"Well, if she isn't jealous of you, she doesn't love you. I wonder if that isn't something I could do for you in return for all your kindness to me—to make Edna jealous. I promise you I will as soon as I get out of this mess."

"I shan't trouble you," he returned coldly.

"No trouble, simply a pleasure. . . . But go on and tell me about Ira."

As a listener she was an artist, following every word with a deep, stimulating attention, and then, for fear he might miss her approval, she put it into words. "You do tell things so nicely," she murmured. "It's as interesting as fairy stories are when you're small. . . ."

"I hope it will come out as well." He gave her the copy of her own letter.

She ran through it, and looked up at him, making a funny whistling face. "Phew," she said, "it couldn't be much worse. They certainly could send me up—if there is any justice in the courts."

He nodded, and then, after letting the horror of her situation sink in, he outlined his own carefully thought out plan. She must prepare a duplicate of the letter—a duplicate with all the incriminating sentences left out. He had worked out how this could be done with the fewest possible number of changes.

HE HAD always enjoyed doing puzzles, and this was a difficult one. Then, when, on Monday, he went back to go over the interview with Carson, he would insist on seeing the original letter and would simply make the substitution.

She stared off into space, as was her habit in moments of deep thought. He imagined that she was going over the plan in detail, but when she spoke he found he had been wrong.

"Have you thought," she said, "that what you are suggesting is wrong—is, indeed, probably criminal?"

"Well, you know what evil communications are always supposed to do."

She gave a quick shake of her head. "Oh, no," she said; "I can't let you do this."

Of all the difficulties, he had never thought of this one.

"IT'S the perfect solution," he said calmly. "Get that letter, and you can step fearlessly out into the world."

"No," she returned. "You see, I know more about crime than you do. I used to think just the way you do—that it was nobody's business but my own. Now I see that I involved lots of people—Mr. Robinson and Delia and even you . . . all obliged to take risks because I did something against the law—evil that good might come. Well, good did come, but evil has come too. I can't let you do it."

"You'd be doing me a favor," he returned. "You must know that every man's idea of a good time is committing a crime for a high purpose. That's romance; it satisfies all instincts of the heart: the good and the bad alike. Don't deprive me of that pleasure."

But her little jaw was set. "I've quite made up my mind," she said.

"The only question is do you still use the same notepaper."

"Mr. Bentham, you are going to drop this idea, as I ask you to do."

"Did you ask me anything?"

"You heard me perfectly."

"No, I heard some rather unattractively phrased orders. . . ."

"Oh, you criticize my way of speaking?"

"Frankly, yes." He became emphatic. "You are very ungrateful. You ought to see I am renouncing a means of safety entirely out of consideration for you. You are young; you have certain obligations. . . ."

"Do you refer to Edna or yourself?"

Her brows contracted. "I am no obligation in your life."

"You are my guest."

He cut the argument short by announcing the necessity of his departure. Newspapers were fairly liberal in the matter of hours, but still—

She asked, in that same intoxicating tone of proprietorship, "Are you coming home to dinner?"

He could hardly induce his head to shake, but he did.

"Mercy! Do you dine with her every night?"

"Every night, except—" His resolution broke down. "What day is this? Saturday? Oh, well, then, no, I am never permitted to dine with her on Saturdays. You see, it's so hard on her—two performances. . . . And then Sunday," he went on, becoming more reckless and greedy—"on Sunday she always goes to the country to see her mother." (*Continued on page 30*)

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The revolver is an effective instrument in the promotion of law and order. It is an invaluable factor in the conservation of life and property and creates a feeling of security

PROTECTION

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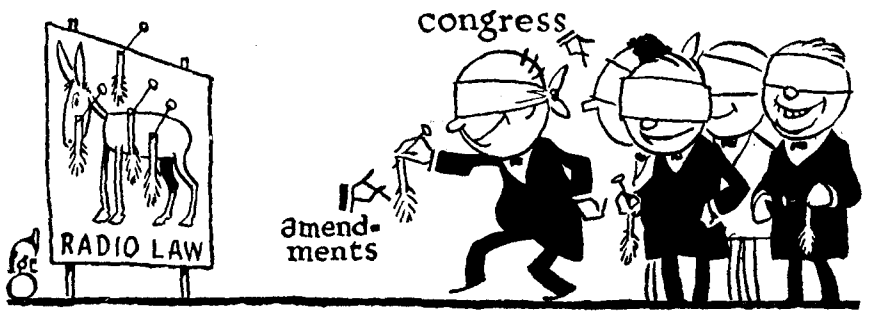


Common Sense Needed

By JACK BINNS

According to predictions there's going to be an epidemic of amendments to the radio law during the present Congress. Most of these discussed will merely add confusion to chaos if enacted. There is, however, one which could be adopted with profit. It should repeal that section of the present law which makes it compulsory to give states wave-length assignments irrespective of population. In place of the repealed section there should be another empowering the Radio Commission to regulate stations as a national entity, and to assign wave-length according to geographical distribution of the population and their service requirements.

The New Air Brake

ONE of the most forward steps in broadcasting has apparently been achieved at the new experimental station for radio transmission established at Whippany, N. J., by the Bell Laboratories. A complete transmitter rated at fifty kilowatts has been developed capable of one hundred per cent modulation without loss of quality.

Up to the present most of the broadcast transmitters have been very much like some of the six, seven, eight and ten tube receivers that almost do as much work as a good five-tube receiver can. In other words the broadcasters have been pumping power into the air over far greater distances than their programs can ever be heard. The direct result of this is a large amount of heterodyne squeals and groans, as well as static noises brought into radio receivers by the wandering carrier waves. This situation, of course, was due to the state of our general knowledge at the time of installation and represents an unavoidable condition.

If the experimental work now proceeding at 3XN, Whippany, should materialize, it will be possible in the near future to lay down a fairly definite service region for every broadcaster with the knowledge that its carrier wave will not cause too great an area of disturbance. It will mean that a maximum number of broadcasters can operate throughout the continent.

Another great improvement has been achieved in the suppression of harmonics by means of the careful shielding of various circuits. This has been so marked that the radiation of the second harmonic has been reduced to one tenth of a watt—or, one five hundred thousandth of the power radiated by the fundamental wave of this fifty-kilowatt station. This too means less interference in the future.

The Fluttering Tube

"I HAVE one of those battery eliminators that have a voltage regulator in them," writes William Jones of Cleveland. "It is a tube that gives a violet glow when it is working, if you know what I mean. Now my speaker gives out nothing but a terrible flutter. Only snatches of the program can be heard. I think it is the glow tube causing the trouble. It seems to vary in brightness at the same time as the flutter."

Your conclusion is correct, Bill. There is only one remedy and that is a new regulator tube. As a temporary means of alleviation until you get a new tube, you can get results by turning the eliminator on a few seconds before you turn your radio set on. This will give the tube the extra voltage it needs.

Stunting the Program

A NEW YORK station recently attempted to entertain whatever listeners it had by playing stunts with phonograph records.

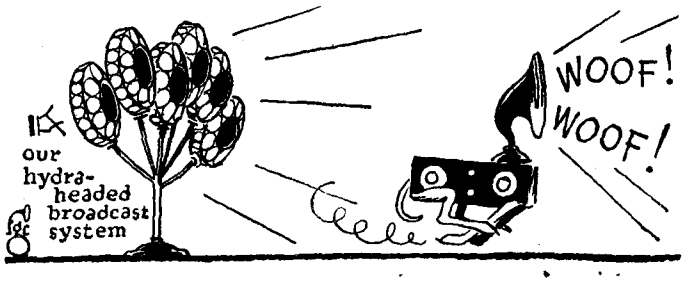
A magnificent example of catering to the "public necessity and convenience."

Chance for Inventors

AT a trade convention in Chicago last month there was a great hullabaloo about the broadcasting congestion. The broadcasters urged more selective sets and the manufacturers urged fewer stations.

But radio receivers attaining "razor-like" selectivity will distort programs because they will shave off the audible frequencies that ride through the ether on the back of the carrier wave.

If anyone can devise a means of sharpening up the selectivity of a radio set at the short wave end without adding complications and without increasing the selectivity at the long wave end, he will have added something substantial to radio development.



Welcome Home

Continued from page 28

"They all have mothers, don't they?" said Miss Deane contemptuously.

"It is a human weakness," said Tom.

She laughed. "Do you know," she said, "that you seem to me different from most men."

"This is indeed gross flattery."

"Flattery?"

"Isn't it from you—to say a man is different from his hated species?"

"Most men that I have known," she went on, "either try to bully me or else make a point of yielding to me. Now you don't attempt to coerce me, and yet you give me the impression that nothing I say makes really the least difference to you."

He concealed his triumph with difficulty and said in a paternal sort of way: "And that, I suppose, has the interest of novelty to you."

"Then you *will* be at home to dinner," she answered, though the sequence might not have been clear to a mere logician.

He stared at the ceiling. "Let me see—yes, I believe I can. . . ."

"Do me no favors," she retorted, answering his tone more than his words.

"Perhaps, after all, I'd better not," he said, but she swept that aside.

"Nonsense," she said. "Of course you're coming back. Do you think it's any fun to dine alone every night for weeks and weeks?"

HE WAS very late at the paper—so late that Smith had actually read the first part of the interview and expressed himself as particularly pleased with the phrase "a sporting parson" but objected a little to the general tone, as being colored by a certain venom . . . "as if," Smith said, "you didn't like the man."

"I don't," replied Tom; "he seemed to me to be a crook."

"Only about women," said Smith, as if no one but a pedant would think that made any difference.

Tom spent the rest of the day working at his interview . . . but how can a man work when every instant brings him nearer and nearer to a prospect of dazzling delight?

When, a little before eight, he entered his own house again he was carrying a bunch of hothouse grapes and a glass jar of fresh caviar.

"Oh, there you are," she said. "I began to think you had forgotten."

He laughed.

"May I ask why you think that funny."

"I hope you like caviar," he replied politely.

"You mean you did nearly forget?"

"Well, if I had, I should not be likely to admit it, would I?"

She urged him to be quick in dressing. But how can a man be quick when his hands shake and he drops his studs and his links, which have always slipped easily into the buttonholes before, suddenly swell to twice their normal size and spring out on the floor? His hands never used to shake. He thought of a girl he had once known who assured him she had never shed a tear until she met him (only this turned out to be a lie, he found out afterward). He thought that if Miss Deane accused him of taking a long time to dress he might reply, "My hands never shook until I met you. . . ." And then the fun would begin. . . . But when he came downstairs, and she actually did say, "My, but you take a long time to dress!" he answered, "I wonder if I could train Delia Huggins to put my studs in for me."

Dinner from Tom's point of view was perfect. After all, he thought, you had to hand it to these hard women—hard, as he himself had said; venomous, according to Carson; violent and bad-tempered by her own confession, and criminal if you listened to the district attorney—when they wanted to be nice to you they had something to offer. The contrast was intoxicating. Indeed, to an unkind observer, although nothing alcoholic had touched their lips, they might have appeared to be suffering from that early stage of intoxication when not only what you say yourself but also what the other person says seems almost intolerably witty. A friendly critic might have thought them merely silly, for they laughed, not to say giggled, almost without cessation.

To Tom the perfection of the evening lay not in her wit or even in her friendliness but in the fact that the next day was Sunday, that time opened before him, that when they parted about eleven o'clock he knew that the next meeting would be not merely a hasty breakfast but a long, lovely day together.

Sunday in town in midsummer. Tom woke to the chimes of church bells. Everyone out in the country, swimming and playing golf, as he would normally be doing. . . . He had made an elaborate plan: to do absolutely nothing; just to be together all day long; to eat breakfast and lunch and dinner together exactly as if they were married, except that he would know that this would be their one day—his one day—out of all his life. But it must be a perfect day. He tried to recall a quotation from Browning about: "I shall have had my day." But, of course, the quotation he ought to have recalled was from an even wiser poet and had reference to the "uncertain glory of an April day." They had not been together half an hour, had hardly finished breakfast, when they quarreled.

He went out to buy the morning papers, and when he came back she had a question ready for him. "Have you ever thought what you would do," she said, "if Edna should happen to drop in?"

"Oh, she never would," said Tom casually, though he noticed that her tone was sharp.

"Why not? She knows where you live, I suppose."

He was put to it for an answer, and desiring above everything to give her the same sense of security that he himself enjoyed, he said, "Edna wouldn't dream of coming to a bachelor's house alone: she is awfully careful about that sort of thing."

"You mean I am not?"

"I don't at all."

"Of course you do—you say in a tone simply swooning with admiration that Edna would not venture into a bachelor's house for even a few minutes' visit, whereas I am staying here indefinitely. . . . If that is not typical of masculine chivalry! You urge a lady in distress to accept your hospitality and then when she does you point out to her that she isn't a lady for doing it."

"That's absurd."

"It's not absurd at all—it's just what you said." She laughed in a most irritating, triumphant sort of way.

"I did not say—"

"You did—you did, and I should respect you more if you stuck to it instead of backing down at once."

"LOOK here," he said, "what are you trying to do—pick a quarrel?"

"I?" She laid her hand on her breast, laughing at him. "I haven't said anything insulting. It was you who began this attack on me."

"Attack? Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Well, this parallel between my conduct and Edna's. . . . I see that what you really want to say is that it wouldn't be safe for Edna—that Edna is the kind of woman who drives men so out of their minds with love . . ." She went on and on, baiting him, twisting everything he said into something insulting or comic, laughing at him, accusing him most unjustly, it seemed to him, of thinking himself so attractive that no woman dared to be left alone with him—all taken in a tone of Olympian amusement, as if she could hardly expect him to see how ridiculous he was. . . .

It was not only painful: it was horri-

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ble; it was almost disgusting. He finally ended it by walking out of the room and out of the house. He felt exhausted and slightly degraded. Not only his beautiful day was gone but his whole life was darkened. . . . What a girl! What a nature!

He sat for a long time on a bench in the park and thought about his griefs. Later he went to a motion picture entirely alone—a thing he had never before done in his own town. Ah, the priceless women of the screen! . . . if they quarreled with their lover . . . if they said so much as a harsh word to him, five minutes later they were nestling tearfully in his arms. No, this was not the kind of quarrel that had in it any possibility of reconciliation. He faced that clearly. To mention it again would be to begin it all over again. He would never do that. Neither would she. He knew her well enough to know she would never approach him with an apology.

YET when, long after midnight, he let himself into the house, he found that he had had a hope she would be waiting—he must have hoped, for his spirits sank as he looked in and saw the library dark and empty.

By the next morning he had reached a frame of mind in which he did not even want to see her again—not that he loved her any less, but that all beauty and joy had gone out of his love. He waked early, astonished Delia by appearing in her kitchen, pleading wistfully for breakfast. He ate it sitting at the kitchen table, talking to Delia about the Irish Republic and the younger generation, which, in the person of her nephew, was giving her some concern. . . .

He was actually leaving the house, when a voice called to him. Looking up the straight ladder of the front stairs, he saw her standing there—leaning against the wall with her hands behind her back.

"Mr. Bentham."

He shut the front door again, but did not approach her. "Yes," he said. His heart did not even quicken its beat.

"Are you cross?"

The tone was not right—something of the mockery of last evening remained.

"No," he answered gently. He looked up at her. Was it weakness to think she looked worn, pale, distressed?

She spoke again. "Disgusted?" she asked.

He nodded and went out of the house, but her tone on the last word haunted him. It had been in itself an apology, as if she wanted to add, "I should think you would be." From that moment he alternated between thinking her the most disagreeable woman in the world and melting with pity and a desire to protect her from her worse nature. "Disgusted, disgusted?" He kept repeating the word over and over again until it lost not only the intonation she had given it but also all meaning to him as an English word. No, no, she would have to do better than that.

He went back that afternoon to submit the interview for Carson's approval. It appeared to be the pale old butler's afternoon out, for the door was opened by a young Swedish woman who had learned nothing of his art except a profound distrust of the press. Tom's assertion that he had an appointment made no impression on her. Indeed, she would have slammed the glass and iron door in his face if, with an agility learned in the lower stages of his profession, he had not contrived to insert his foot in the opening.

Confronted by this complication, she reluctantly allowed him to wait in the hall while she went upstairs, shaking her head and uttering low guttural sounds of, Tom felt sure, disagreeable northern meanings.

As he stood there waiting he was suddenly aware of a shadow against the light. A dark, beautiful face smiled at him from the outer side of the grill; a gloved hand waved to him to open the door, which he unhesitatingly did. The lady nodded her thanks and went rapidly upstairs. Where had he seen that lovely aquiline profile? Ah, yes, a photograph in Smith's office. . . . It was Mrs. Salvari.

He might be kept waiting a long time, now, he thought, but almost at once the little Swede came running downstairs with the intelligence—evidently surprising to her—that he might go up. Again he was shown into the bookroom, where this time Carson was waiting for him.

They set to work on the interview. Tom saw that Carson was not entirely satisfied with its tone and yet could not put his finger on any phrase. As he watched the great man's face Tom made up an aphorism: "It is less dangerous to slander the humble-minded than to praise the vain insufficiently."

They were discussing the insertion of a paragraph about the wide extent of Carson's charitable activities, when the paneled door opened and the dark lady glided into the room like a trail of black smoke.

"I-r-r-r-r-a," she said, and a thousand foreign "r's" rolled in the word.

Carson sprang to his feet. "How in the world—" he began.

"You are not glad to see me?"

"Delighted," he again began.

"Then why have you told your servants not to let me in?"

Tom glanced at Ira. It seemed to him that the lady had made a good point.

"I didn't," said Ira, a little too promptly. "It has been my bad luck to be out whenever you came, but—"

Mrs. Salvari turned to Tom. "How he lies!" she said. "Oh, how he lies!" and the word sounded peculiarly full and liquid in her mouth.

Carson put his hand on Tom's shoulder, as if to suggest that they were two sane, rational, strong men who were not going to be hard on silly, uncontrolled women.

"My dear Camilla," he said, "do let us wait to discuss our little differences until we are alone."

"I do not want to be alone with you. I have been too much alone with you. I want this gentleman to stay . . . he has a beautifully honest face," said Mrs. Salvari. "I want him to be a witness. I talk to you alone, and you say one thing one day and deny it the next. I tell you," she added, turning to Tom, "what he did to me the last time I saw him—"

"This is a reporter, Camilla—from the Standard. . . ."

AS a silencer this information was not a success. "Good," she answered, her really fine eyes flashing. "Good! I hope he writes it all in his paper. What have I to lose? What have you left me of a reputation? Listen," she said, and she took Tom confidentially by the lapel of his coat. "Some weeks ago this man told me he wanted to read over all our old love letters—it would soothe him, he said, in his time of sorrow. . . . I brought them all here. By this very fire we sat and read them, and when he got them in his own hands he tossed them into the fire—my only proof that he had promised to marry me. . . ."

"It would be useless to try to point out to you the bad taste of using the word *proof* in connection with most sacred—"

"Ah, ah," cried Camilla, thrusting her face almost into Tom's in the access of her fury. . . . "You hear that. He is one of those men—the wickeder he is the virtuouser he talks. He is all a great, bold, dashing hero of romance going into a love affair—getting what he wants. 'Morals,' he said to me, 'are not made for great men like me.' But when he wants to get out again, why, then he is all for the moral code—all repentance and righteousness."

"It would be better for you to go, Bentham," said Carson, still uniting the younger man to himself in a duality of wisdom and calm.

"He will *not* go," said the lady, holding both lapels of Tom's coat. "This man urged me to marry him, groveled to me to marry him, as long as he was married to someone else."

Carson made a little gesture to Bentham, indicating how that would be received by a court.

"But now that he is free," she went on, "he tells me that he regards marriage as a sacrament—that it would be sacrilege for him and me . . ." Her face

(*Continued on page 32*)

FOR MEN who want to become independent in the NEXT TEN YEARS

IN the winter of 1938 two men will be sitting in a down-town restaurant.

"I wonder what's going to happen next year," one of them will say. "Business is fine now—but the next few years are going to be hard ones, and we may as well face the facts."

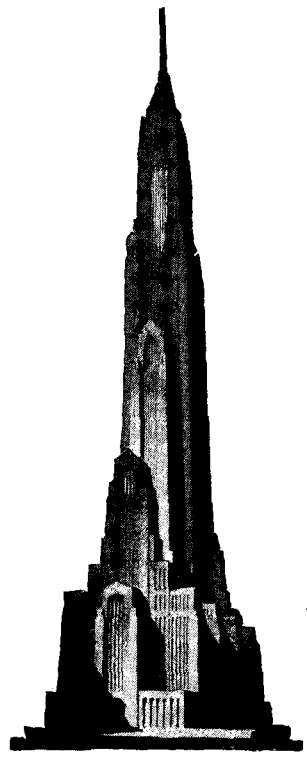
The man across the table will laugh.

"That's just what they said back in 1928," he will answer. "Remember? People were looking ahead apprehensively—and see what happened! Since then there has been the greatest growth in our history—more business done, more fortunes made, than ever before. They've certainly been good years for *me* . . ."

He will lean back in his chair with the easy confidence and poise that are the hallmark of real prosperity.

The older man will sit quiet a moment and then in a tone of infinite pathos:

"I wish I had those ten years back," he will say.



"Since then there has been the greatest growth in our history—more business done, more fortunes made, than ever before."

TODAY the interview quoted above is purely imaginary. But be assured of this—it will come true. Right now, at this very hour, business men are dividing themselves into two groups, represented by the two individuals whose words are quoted. A few years from now there will be ten thousand such luncheons and one of the men will say:

"I have got what I wanted."

And the other will answer:

"I wish I had those years back."

In which class are you putting yourself? The real difference between the two classes is this—one class of men hope vaguely to be independent *sometime;* the other class have convinced themselves that they can do it within the next few years. Do you believe this? Do you care enough about independence to give us a chance to prove it? Will you invest one single evening in reading a book that has put 300,000 men on the road to more rapid progress?

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How would you play it?

No. 11

North ♠ 6 ♡ A-K-J-7-6-2 ◇ 8-6 ♣ Q-10-8-4

West ♠ 10-5 ♡ Q-9-8 ◇ J ♣ K-J-7-6-5-3-2

East ♠ A-K-Q-8-7-4-3 ♡ 10-5-4 ◇ A-K-Q ♣ None

South ♠ J-9-2 ♡ 3 ◇ 10-9-7-5-4-3-2 ♣ A-9

By MILTON C. WORK

Author of Auction Bridge Complete

These hands were broadcast by Mr. Work on Tuesday evening, January 10th. Compare your playing of them with his complete description of the play given below:

The Auction

SOUTH had no difficulty in deciding upon his first declaration. It was a clear case of insufficient strength for an initial bid.

West, with a seven-card suit headed by King-Jack, was in the same boat with South.

North, however, had ample strength for a bid, even in the Third Hand position. His Heart suit, headed by Ace-King-Jack (he bid one Heart), contained six cards, and he had a little Club strength as side support.

East, with a terrific hand, bid one Spade. He had ample strength to bid more than one, but the hand was seemingly good for four Spades and it was really too strong to justify preëmpting. East hoped that he would be forced up gradually to four Spades (a higher force did not seem probable), and he doubled by the adversaries.

On the second round South had a very close choice between passing and bidding two Diamonds, which he did.

West now had a chance to show his seven Clubs—he bid three.

North, who had shown his full strength on the first round, of course passed; and East rebid his Spades (three), which closed the auction.

The Play

SOUTH started the ball by leading his singleton Trey of Hearts, his partner having bid that suit. Dummy played the Eight, North finessed the Jack, and, when that finesse won, led the King of Hearts, so that South could mark the suit as accurately as possible.

On the first trick East false-carded by playing the Ten, but that did not affect South's play, nor could it deceive North when South discarded the perfectly worthless Nine of Clubs. Dummy played the Nine of Hearts.

North, knowing that East held another Heart, now led the Ace of Hearts to take another trick and give South another discard. South could now see that, three tricks having been won, one more would save game. His Ace of Clubs probably would produce that trick, and it was further perfectly possible that his Jack at the head of three Spades would take still another trick and defeat the contract. The Jack of Spades would be a winner if North led a fourth round of Hearts (compelling East to trump high and leave South's Jack guarded). North, not knowing the Spade distribution, would be apt to lead either a Diamond or a Club to trick 4. The Club lead, of course, would let the Ace of Clubs win provided East had a Club, but with East bidding as he did, it might be that he was Clubless (as actually was the case) and that a Club lead from North could be trumped cheaply by East and that South also would lose his Jack of Spades and fail to make even one trick. The saving of game would be an absolute certainty if South discarded his Ace of Clubs, and he did so appreciating that the first object of an adversary of the Declarer is to save game; setting an undoubled contract being distinctly a secondary consideration.

After South's discard of the Ace of Clubs it was quite inevitable that North would lead a Club; and East was then placed in a position in which any card he played would be wrong. He could be quite sure that South had no more Clubs, and if he trumped with a Seven or Eight he hardly could hope to shut out South. If he trumped with one of his honors, he might make a winner of the adverse Jack. The ruff with the honor, however, was his better guess, and he played the Queen. South ultimately won with his Jack of Spades and thus saved a game which would have been won by the Declarer had South kept his Ace of Clubs and had North led either a Club or a Diamond to trick 4.

In next week's issue Mr. Work will play the Collier's Radio Bridge Hands, to be broadcast Tuesday evening, January 17th, at ten o'clock Eastern Standard Time, through the following stations:

WEAF, New York; WEEI, Boston; WJAR, Providence; WTAG, Worcester; WTIC, Hartford; WGR, Buffalo; WFI, Philadelphia; WRC, Washington; WCSH, Portland, Me.; WSM, Nashville; WHAS, Louisville; WGY, Schenectady; WDAF, Kansas City; WCCO, Minneapolis-St. Paul; WCAE, Pittsburgh; WTAM, Cleveland; WWJ, Detroit; WSAI, Cincinnati; WGN, Chicago; KSD, St. Louis; WOC, Davenport; WSB, Atlanta; WMC, Memphis; WHO, Des Moines; WOW, Omaha; WTMJ, Milwaukee.

Welcome Home

Continued from page 31

broke up with emotion, and as she refused to loose her hold of Tom's coat with either hand, he was privileged to see the whole spectacle of her tears. "Now that he can marry me, I am not good enough."

"I have never thought myself any better than you, Camilla," Carson returned in a deep, thrilling tone. "Unless repentance raises—"

"Repentance," she cried, "listen to him. He has always a fine sentiment to get him his own way. . . . Convenient repentances he has."

"But surely," said Bentham, "you don't want to marry him if he doesn't want to marry you?"

"Yes, I do; of course I do. That is silly—the way American women talk. I want to marry him, and I will. What else is left for me? He has ruined my name. Besides, I love him."

"Love," said Carson. "You do not know the meaning of the word."

"You did not always say that . . . Irrrrra. . . . You used to say that only I out of all the world. . . ." She stretched her hands toward him, and Tom made his escape.

Carson walked to the door with him, grasped his hand in farewell as if they had some secret understanding.

Tom took his hand away. What a detestable man! How ugly quarrels were. These two people had once imagined they loved each other . . . and now. . . . He wished that he had loved a noble, serene woman who would make life calm and dignified. Disgusted, disgusted? He did not want to begin that all over again.

He went back to the paper with his interview, and heard Smith had been asking for him.

"Look, look," cried the managing editor, kicking the door shut with one motion of his foot as Tom entered. "I have a line on where the Deane woman is hiding."

Not a muscle of the face of the Standard's best special-article writer moved, but the pupils of his rather light eyes slowly dilated until they seemed to fill the whole eye socket. "Really," he said very softly.

"Yes, yes; she's in Canada. The trouble is I don't know where within about fifty miles. I want you to take a fast car (you couldn't trust to hiring one up there), start tomorrow (don't suppose you could get off tonight), get an interview. I'm sure you can. . . ."

"So am I," said Tom.

Smith beamed. He liked ardent cooperative spirit in his subordinates. He even stooped to explain how the miracle had been performed . . . it was by keeping track of Robinson. Robinson, it seemed, was contemplating a trip to Canada. . . . "He's going there to see his witness. I want you to see her first."

"Yes," said Tom.

BEFORE he left Tom recounted the incident of the dark lady at Carson's house. Smith nodded. "I knew it," he said. "Carson is arranging to marry someone else—someone who will rehabilitate him socially and morally—a duchess, or something. . . ."

"I thought nowadays duchesses just plunged you deeper," said Tom.

"Then a deaconess maybe," said Smith. "I'll let you know in the morning the time I want you to start. . . ."

Tom dined with the sporting editor and went to the first night of a long, dull play, during which he was able to work out the details of his trip—a much better and safer plan than letting her go with Robinson's old lady. . . . Suddenly toward the end of the last act a hideous possibility occurred to him. . . . For all he knew, she might be gone already. . . . Suppose Robinson had come back late in the afternoon and started at once for Canada. . . . Tom was gone from the theatre like a shadow.

In his own house everything was dark . . . no trace of her in the library . . . no book . . . no sewing . . . no crumpled handkerchief. . . . Good heavens, she was gone! Or was she quietly asleep on the top floor? He felt he must know the answer.

He took off his boots and tiptoed up the stair, keeping close to the wall to avoid making the stairs creak. No light under the door. Was the room empty? He crept nearer and nearer the door—one moment convinced she was there, the next that she had gone forever. . . . He stood still, losing all sense of space in the immense darkness. And then he heard a sigh—a long, gentle sigh. The sigh of a person grieving over her faults? The sigh of a person waking? He could not be sure . . . but he could be sure she was still there. And after a moment he crept downstairs again.

HE WAS waked the next morning by a determined knocking on his door—not the altruistic knock given for the good of the sleeper, but the selfish knock of one who needs the sleeper for his own purposes. The voice of Mrs. Huggins demanded word with him. He found on going to his door that a telegram was being thrust into his hands, and reading it he saw it was from Robinson directed to Mrs. Huggins, but evidently intended for other eyes. It said:

"Have had serious motor accident shall be detained here several days stop car and chauffeur so badly injured trip is abandoned."

His emotions came in layers: it was not their last day—joy! Her situation was more dangerous—sorrow! He alone would now take charge of her destiny and save her—joy! . . .

He said he'd be down in a minute, and in fifteen was actually in the library.

"Well," said Barbara, "what do you think of Robinson's getting himself smashed up at such a minute as this?"

He smiled. "I think it's very wrong of him."

"You're always criticizing me. Of course, I'm sorry if he's really hurt. . . ."

"Has the paper got it?"

The paper had it. It appeared that Mr. Robinson, in company with his elderly cousin, were actually on their way to New York, when, as they passed through the village of Southampton, a youth in a small car had darted out from behind a privet hedge and run squarely into them. The chauffeur's arm was broken and Robinson was suffering from "shock and contusions." A short résumé of his relation to the Carson case followed.

Not one word of apology—not one word of reconciliation—and yet in the twinkling of an eye everything was changed and they were better friends than ever.

They were sitting together on the sofa close enough to read the same paragraph at the same time, when Delia came in with breakfast, and Tom was delighted to see that Barbara was distinctly embarrassed. She plunged hastily into speech.

"Will you tell me why it is, Delia, that you always give Mr. Bentham the best peach?"

Mrs. Huggins explained glibly: "It's not better it is, Miss Barbara—it's only bigger it is."

"Why should he have the bigger peach, then?"

"You know how it is men are about their food."

"You're just an anti-feminist, Delia."

"Maybe I am, dearie, for I don't know what it is," said Mrs. Huggins, and left the room without inquiring.

"I don't suppose," said Tom, "that if I offered you my peach, you'd have the decency to refuse it."

"Let's see first if you have the decency to offer it," she answered, and in the pause that followed she rose and took it. Her teeth sank into it. "Hmmm," she said, making a face at him as she bit.

They were interrupted by a startling and unusual sound—the front-door bell.

(To be continued next week)

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Pipe Smokers . . .

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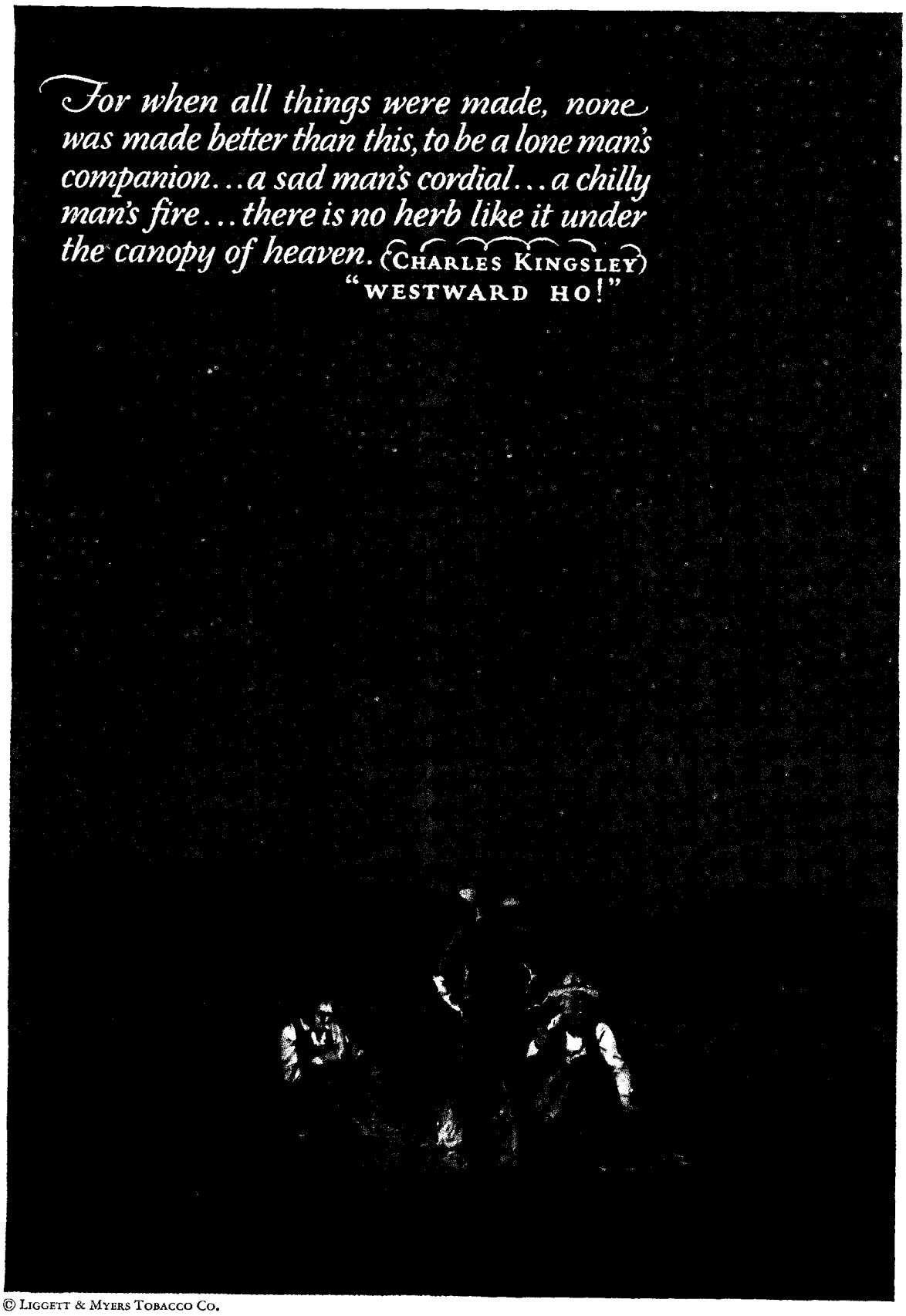
For when all things were made, none was made better than this, to be a lone man's companion . . . a sad man's cordial . . . a chilly man's fire . . . there is no herb like it under the canopy of heaven. (CHARLES KINGSLEY)
"WESTWARD HO!"

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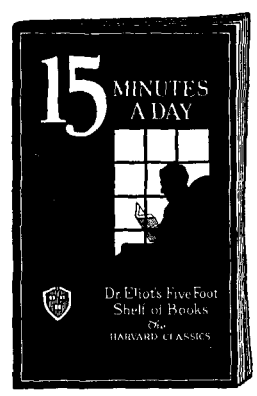

Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books

(The Harvard Classics)

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Two Black Crows

Continued from page 13

shows were known then, so they flocked into tab shows and penny arcades. Sixteen shows a day, packing 'em in and pushing 'em out. Then people ask me if four shows a day vaudeville is a hardship!"

Naturally smart, Mack realized that as a solo act he wasn't so good. Diversion-hungry survivors of an earthquake would stand for almost anything; but when Charlie Mack moved eastward on a dime show circuit he found more critical audiences. He even quit acting for a while to try his talent as salesman. But his delayed delivery was a handicap. Irascible housewives had no patience with a back-door caller who waited for them to ask questions about a patent can opener before he'd divulge its merits.

"I got a summer vacation job on a farm. The food wasn't so good, but it was plentiful and steady. My job was to water the animals, which I did, outward and inward, giving them drink and baths. But there was a horse there that talked in its sleep, and the farmer said it got thirsty during the night, and part of my job was to get up and give it water. It seemed to me that sleep was more important for me than beverage for that horse. I quit farming."

Fame Came Slowly

YET one can trace a line of direct descent from the farm in Kansas to the mythical farm in Rome. A spell at agriculture gave Charlie Mack time to ponder. In verbal jousts with other farm hands he learned that his slow enunciation, tinged with wit, had effectiveness. In his next drive on the tabloid drama known as vaudeville he had a partner. The partner asked questions and Mack answered—the same sharp questions he submits to now, with the same sort of droll replies.

He and his partner thrived, although it was yet to be some years until Charlie Mack flourished.

"Oh," Mack says, meeting queries about intervening years, "we went places, working, always working. I got married and had a baby girl, and met up with Moran."

For several seasons they traveled from state to state, Moran dragging from Mack his reluctant story of the farm in Rome.

Yet fame, possibly conforming to Mack's enunciatory method, delayed perching on their banner.

Perhaps the diffidence that marks their offstage conduct had something to do with it. Ordinarily, successful teams are prominent in the haunts of show business. One partner or the other is the "window" of the pair. Moran and Mack were in each other's company quite as much away from footlights as before them.

"Old George Moran," Mack explains it, "is a bachelor. And from the first year of our partnership he's appropriated my mother. Sometimes, I swear, she treats him more like a son than she treats me."

George Moran, in case you may not remember, sat on a trunk and nodded throughout this discourse.

"Aren't you the head man of this outfit?" he asked suddenly.

He relapsed into silence after Mack retorted:

"What's yo' idear in bringin' that up?"

To proceed: They toiled and spun and went fishing and golfing all over this fair land and another no less fair, Canada, without disturbing popular interest in Presidential election years. It was an apprenticeship to stardom.

The head man relit his chilled cigarette, and resumed:

"We were in no hurry for fame. It's cumulative, I think. We figured it would last longer if the managers found out about us instead of us dogging them."

A manager did. An English manager—Gillespie of the London Hippodrome. This Hippodrome really started as a hippodrome, which means a place for horses. It was a circus. Moran and Mack made it a rendezvous. Gentlemen of the blood repaired there to see the quaint Americans. Mack couldn't understand the promptness of the team's register in London. He inquired why they were so popular in London when night-club bound with a duke.

"Er-er," lisped his grace, "you fellows just strike our fancy, y'know. Jolly chaps, and—er-er—frightfully amusing."

Mack paused, suddenly struck with the impression that his grace was giving a bum imitation of himself.

"You sound like me," he said.

"Er—er, that's just it," said his grace. "You—er—you fellows have sort of got on to our style, so to speak, you know."

When they returned to America, after relieving the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street of much bulky sterling, Moran and Mack found fame all dressed up with a very definite place to go. Mr. Ziegfeld captured them and put them in the Follies. They were a modified riot. The Winter Garden saw them next, and then Earl Carroll got them.

Together they went to California, and the Sunshine State forgot film celebrities for many weeks. Theatres were jammed four times a day to hear them, and after a show, when the sidewalks filled up, managers called on them for extra appearances to satisfy demand.

Movie magnates made breathless offers. They turned down—I have seen the documents, and had them interpreted by statisticians—$260,000 on one contract because something new happened under the sun. Oral comics who cannot sing suddenly broke all records for phonograph sales. Their first "Black Crows" piece, reproduced on disk, sold more than a million copies. The fourth of the series is being made as this is written, with orders piling high.

"Why go into the movies?" asks Mack.

"You're head man of this team," says Moran. "You should know why not."

"George Moran," Mack added in a mystifying diversion, "weighs 180 pounds and, if you've noticed, he's been sitting on the edge of that trunk for two hours."

He elucidated. In St. Louis, once, an Italian horse lifter was on the same bill. By that is meant a strong man—so strong that he had no ease of mind unless he had lifted at least one horse four times daily and in public. It was his habit, after lifting the horse, to stop in at the dressing-room where Moran and Mack were eating lunch off their trunk top. He'd sit on the trunk and talk passionately of his strength.

Radio Riches

BUT trunks have, or had, their limitations. This one crumpled, and lunch and horse lifter were buried amid wigs, grease paint and billing matter. The accident led Mack to devise a new trunk. The strong man was billed with them for twenty weeks, and he wanted to be prepared. He devised a trunk with walls of steel netting. It works. By actual test the strong man stood on the trunk top and lifted a horse without casualties to man, horse or trunk. Now in Cleveland more scores of Mack trunks are made every week than we care to mention outside of the advertising columns.

Mr. Moran seemed a little impatient over all this, which necessitated demands on Mr. Mack's vocal resources.

"When do we eat?" he asked.

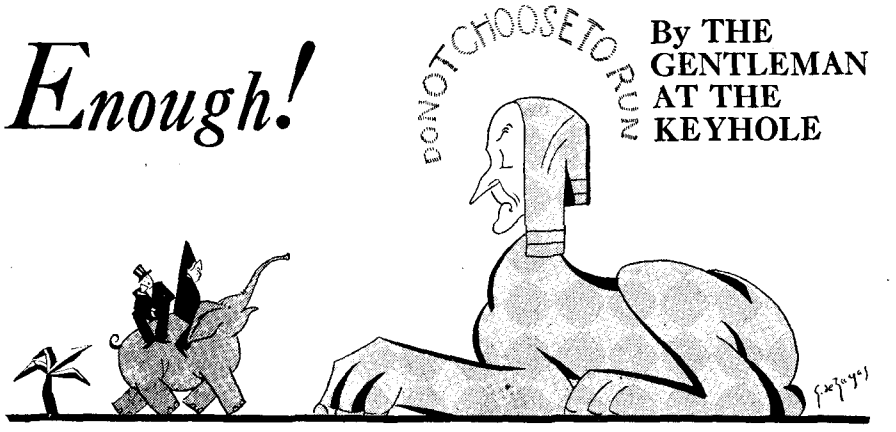
But Mr. Mack was answering an important question.

"Sixteen hundred dollars is what we get for our radio appearances," he said, and he paused. "Next time we're going to ask five thousand dollars."

In all innocence I inquired: "Think you'll get it?"

Mr. Mack looked injured. Said he: "What's yo' idear in bringin' that up?"

Enough!



By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

ALMOST everyone who comes to Washington asks, "Why did President Coolidge decline to run again for President?" This is a question which no one can answer with certainty, because Mr. Coolidge has never told anyone why he did not choose to run. Even his most intimate friends have never ventured to ask him what considerations impelled him to retire from office at the end of his present term.

The strangest thing about the President is that he has no confidants, no one to whom he unbosoms himself. Almost everyone likes to explain himself, almost everyone requires the sympathy, the commendation, the understanding of a judicious friend.

Mr. Coolidge has done a very praiseworthy thing; he has put aside ambition. He has, in effect, whatever his intent was, refused to impair the tradition which has limited Presidents to eight years in office. It is human nature when one does this sort of thing to desire the approval and admiration of some intimates.

Almost everybody has the confessing instinct; especially when confession involves the disclosure of admirable qualities. Mr. Coolidge has not the confessing instinct. It is as much a breach of the chill decorum of the White House to discuss Mr. Coolidge's motives or nature in the presence of Mr. Coolidge as it was to mention the Queen of Spain's legs in the court at Madrid.

One may dismiss health as a factor influencing the President in his decision to quit the White House. Mr. Coolidge is still a young man, and his health is excellent. He takes perfect care of himself. An interesting story is told of the way he conserves his energies. "I have the reputation," he told one public man, "of being silent. I make the most of it. I have found that if you don't say anything when a man comes to see you he will talk himself out in ten minutes and you can get rid of him. I save myself a good deal in that way." This is an odd little side of the Coolidge economy.

Mr. Coolidge is reputed to have said that ten years, which comes near to being the length of time he would serve if he consented to be elected again, was "too long for any man to be President." Too long from a public or from a private point of view? Or from both? Nobody knows. But that one sentence throws all the light there is upon the President's reasons for choosing not to run again.

Was It All Modesty?

SOME of the President's old friends who seem to have understood him were always of the opinion that he would not accept another nomination. So there must be something in Mr. Coolidge's nature which made it inevitable that he should decline a renomination. The nearest these observers of Mr. Coolidge came to indicating what that something was was to say that he was a modest man and a respecter of traditions and that therefore he would not see himself breaking the third-term tradition or serving in the Presidency longer than any of his great predecessors. And I dare say this had something to do with the decision not to seek the office again.

The decision to run again would have been a grave decision to make, all the consequences being taken into consideration. And Mr. Coolidge makes negative decisions more easily than positive ones. He "lets things alone." The normal course was not to spend nearly ten years in the White House. To refuse to do so was to let things alone.

Now on the private and personal side. No one who has not a great love of power will desire to spend ten years in the White House, and Mr. Coolidge has little love of power; his inclination to make negative decisions, to "let things alone," shows that.

To give ten years of your life to the Presidency, the ten years from 51 to 61, is to give up the best part of it. And back of the Presidency is a long career in public office, as Vice President, as governor and lieutenant governor of Massachusetts, as a legislator.

Popularity is Fleeting

THERE is a very natural desire for freedom. Almost everyone who has held important public office for a long time has it. He wishes to be somewhere where the eyes of everyone are not on him, to pursue some ambition or inclination whose satisfaction he has put off and put off. Almost everyone has something that he always meant to do. It must be pleasant to move about without a guard of Secret Service men, not to have to sit at a desk and welcome all the bores that intrude upon you as a public servant. Almost everybody is likely to desire some time while young enough to get something out of it to be on one's own.

Every President finds the pressure of the public upon him hard to bear. Many hazard the guess that Mr. Coolidge is tired of the people that he has to see, of their demands upon him, their misrepresentation of him after they have seen him. The story told above of his keeping silent to cut their visits short indicates the irksomeness of their visits. Here is another: Two Massachusetts men who knew Mr. Coolidge of old met in Washington. One asked the other if he had seen Mr. Coolidge since he became President.

"No," replied the other.

"Well," said the first, "I am on my way to the White House to take some documents to the President. Why don't you come along?"

On the way the second man said, "Don't introduce me to Mr. Coolidge. I want to see if he remembers me."

The documents were delivered, and the President thanked the man who brought them but paid no attention to his friend.

The situation grew awkward. "Oh, Mr. President," said the man who had the appointment, "do you know this man here?"

"Yes," said Mr. Coolidge, "that's Judson—" without looking up.

That spoke volumes about the irksomeness of intrusions.

Then Mr. Coolidge had nothing to gain by four more years in the White House. He had achieved an extraordinary popularity, largely due to circumstances and not much due to his personality or to his accomplishments. It was the most negative popularity in history. People applauded him for what he was not, not for what he was.

Popularity is a fleeting thing. A Negro politician put it well: "Mr. Coolidge cain't run again. He got himself up on a pedestal alongside of George Washington. He cain't get off without falling off." The pedestal is dangerous.

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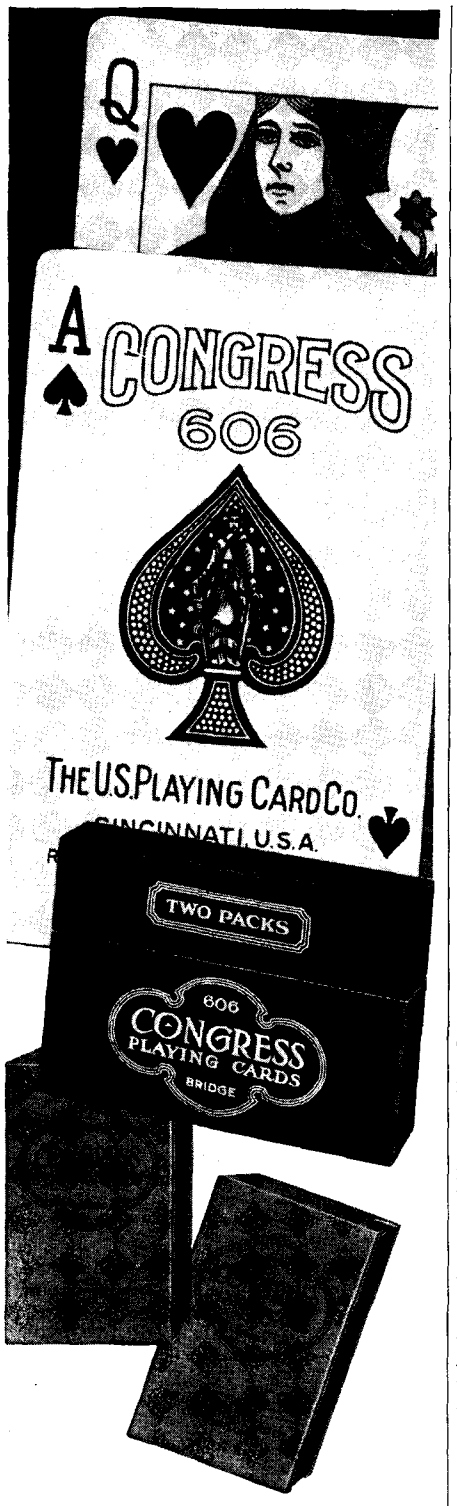

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BRIDGE *by* RADIO

All That Glitters

Continued from page 14

to take them to a big jeweler near his office to have them restrung. Standing before the repair desk, he had some pocket trouble in finding the loose pearls. When he had discovered them and handed them to the clerk he was surprised to hear the young man say reprovingly, "Do you always carry these pearls about like that? Aren't you afraid of getting your pocket picked?" The gentleman was eager to be off but indulgent toward this meticulous subordinate. "No, indeed. I guess people are pretty honest." And he turned on his heel.

An Unexpected Ending

"AREN'T you going to watch me count these in your presence, sir?" The customer wheeled around.

"Now, look here, son," he said, "I appreciate your attention, but I'm a busy man, and my time is worth more than a $50 string of fake pearls."

"But they're real!" said the clerk.

"That's a good joke on you," said the gentleman, highly entertained. "Fifty dollars to the penny. Gave 'em to my wife myself. Never mind; I won't tell the boss what a boner you pulled."

"Just a minute, sir." His tone was so compelling that the customer waited. He came back with an expert and with the head of the firm, and almost the end of the story is that they convinced him that the jewels were real, and very valuable, but the end is that, busy as he was, instead of going to his office, he went to his lawyer's and commenced divorce proceedings against his wife.

Then there was the lady who had her real pearls copied in an imitation string. This is a very general practice and the manufacturers of fine imitation pearls will copy a string down to the smallest ripple and variation in shade. Usually the clasp is copied in real diamonds. Such was the case with the heroine of the story. Her idea was a good, comfortable summer at the seaside with the responsibility of a valuable necklace off her mind.

In the fall she went to the man who had sold her the imitations and tossed the string on the counter. "I've never had so much satisfaction out of a thing in my life," she said. "I didn't have a worried moment. I even wore them in swimming one day, and half the time they were lying around on my dresser. Please restring them at once, as I don't know if I'll ever get my real ones out."

The salesman looked at them carefully. "Madam," he said, "we thank you for the compliment, but these *are* your real ones."

Glamour in salesmanship and display surrounds these fine imitation pearls, and I'd better say at once that they are religiously referred to not as artificial or imitation but as "simulated" gems.

The way these haughty imitations are made is interesting. The base is mother-of-pearl, and they have at least eighteen dippings and can be sawed through and will be found solid to the perforation. They are made on a wire which is later eaten out with acid and leaves the necessary hole for stringing. The difference between them and the cheaper variety is that the fine ones have a natural iridescence or sheen while the others glisten. And the only way you can tell them from real pearls, according to an enthusiastic manufacturer, is by biting them. Real ones are rough against the teeth, imitations smooth. This grain could be put into the simulated pearls, but the process would be so expensive that they would cost as much as the real ones.

After the "pearls" are made they are submitted to experienced salesmen and must be approved as to color, matching, opaqueness, baroqueness and dimples, all of which are put in with exact duplication of the genuine. In assembling a really fine necklace it is said that four out of every five beads are discarded.

There is a tremendous business done in copying real necklaces and in adding imitation pearls to real to lengthen a valued string. This is done for almost every imaginable human reason: to keep up appearances, to let down appearances, for safety, for vanity and in some cases because the insurance company demands it. For example, there is the case of Mrs. William Hayward. It is said that Mrs. Hayward has two exquisitely beautiful real pearl necklaces. One she got by trading her town house to Cartier, the famous jeweler, for the string. At the time this was worth $1,300,000, and since then the pearls and the property have increased in value at almost the same rate. The other, which cost even more (report says $1,600,000), was a gift from her husband.

By a simple sum in addition you can see that the aggregate would be enough

The Woman Hunters

a rapid-fire, glamorous novel of great wealth, youth and modern society

By
ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

BEGINS IN COLLIER'S FOR FEBRUARY 4TH

to keep even the president of the insurance company awake nights, so, according to my informant, the insurance company will not permit her to wear both strings at the same time.

The copying of pieces made of crystalline gems is not nearly so frequent. In the case of diamonds, rubies, sapphires and emeralds, pieces are far more apt to be bought for themselves alone, because they are exciting to look at or because they are helpful in completing a costume. This is rather surprising, as the most marvelous synthetic gems are made nowadays and worn indiscriminately with the real. One girl I know wears a $3,000 diamond bracelet and a $15 diamond bracelet side by side. Her story is that she just needed two bracelets. Synthetic emeralds set in platinum have, to the naked eye, even the flaws of the real—those subtle intentional flaws that might make you just a little sick if you had paid $5,000 for a real stone. The most authentic imitations can be made in rubies and sapphires—they are the only true synthetics in the corundum group. Chiefly oxide of alumina, they have the same chemical, optical and physical properties as the real, and only a jeweler can tell them apart.

The usual imitation diamond is not so deceptive—in fact, many think not deceptive at all. Yet, as it happens, it is the one stone that can be made just like the real—made REAL, in fact. In the early nineties there was a gentleman named Moissan who toiled and struggled in his laboratory until he finally made a real diamond. There was enormous excitement until it turned out that Moissan's diamond cost $200,000 a carat to make, while the current market price for a real one was between $200 and $300 a carat.

As in the case of pearls, prices for imitation gems vary markedly. The average price for a good synthetic stone is around $10 a carat. Yet some months ago I stopped before a dazzling Fifth Avenue window which was blinding with jewels and illuminating with signs to read:

"Pearls for Summer—49¢ & 89¢."

"Set of three band rings, diamond, sapphire and emerald, any one suitable for wedding—$6 complete."

"Diamond bracelets, flexible and well studded—$4.79 to $8.79."

Who makes these lucent trinkets and how are they made? Most of the stones are made in France, Germany or Czechoslovakia because labor is low and artistry high. The mounting and assembling are usually done in this country. The processes of manufacture are fascinating.

Although Babylonians, Egyptians and Romans excelled in making paste jewels, the art has been brought to a fine state of perfection only in recent years. Gems are classified as doublets and triplets, imitation stones, treated stones, artificial or synthetic stones.

Doublets and triplets are pieces joined together with invisible cement. A true doublet is two sections of genuine stone joined to produce a larger stone, the value of which would obviously be greater than the sum of the two smaller. The false doublet has a genuine top, while the bottom is of glass or some inferior stone. The soluble cement aids detection, or, simpler yet, one may breathe on the stone, causing a film of moisture. This permits the boundary between the two sections to be more clearly seen.

Imitation gems are even more valueless than doublets or triplets because they contain no genuine materials whatsoever. They are made of a special type of glass known as strass. In some cases they are cut carefully, but more often they are poured into molds. The difficulty is in keeping out the air bubbles, which, of course, are not found in natural stones. If you buy this cheapest variety, you must not be surprised if it changes its spots and loses its luster in a few months.

"Treated" stones consist of genuine material which has been subjected to some process to increase the beauty and consequently selling value. These processes include artificial coloring or staining, heat treatment and special mountings (over stained foils or in colored enamels).

Artificial or synthetic stones have the same physical properties as the real.

They say that the craze for artificial, synthetic, simulated, costume or whatever you decide to call it jewelry has sown whole new areas in the fields of industry and thrown innumerable thousands of people into work. And the swiftly changing fashions keep them there. One day people demand sets—earrings, necklace, buckle, brooch and hat ornament; the next all are cast into limbo.

They Have No Soul!

AS I said earlier, there are other instincts besides fashion that must be considered. People have a tendency to put their money into motor cars and world cruises instead of black pearls.

There are too the highly important problems of insurance, not to say outlay and upkeep and interest.

Now, all this sounds very well, and one is tempted to drop a tear for the laborers in the diamond mines of Africa and the kindly gentlemen who own the stores which sell real gems. Except for one thing—beautiful, fashionable, economical as they may be—imitation gems have no soul! They have no emotional appeal. The thrill, lust and strange joy that real stones bring cannot be conjured by the most exquisite artistry. Perhaps it is a magic quality that nature holds back for her own. And in appeasement and atonement cases their value is practically nil.

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WBZ
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WBZA
KSD
WJR
KYW
WCCO
WDAF
NIGHT

The Valley Girl

Continued from page 26

collie and missed clean the elusive furry catapult, a pistol shot crashed through the din of battle.

Instinctively the fury of warfare was checked to a complete cessation of blows and curses.

To fight murderously with the weapons of one's trade was one thing. To fight with firearms was quite another.

There was a second of lull—a lull queerly deafening after that cacophony of strife. The momentary hush was broken by a man who bored into the suddenly flaccid mass of combatants, flinging one and another aside and shouting furiously:

"Who fired? If it was one of *my* men, he'll wish he had shot himself instead of anyone else. Who fired? Speak up, you rotten swine, whoever you are!"

Ham Gerritt had come to his senses. Still shaky, but craving battle, he had made his way clumsily up the slope, arriving upon the scene of carnage just as the pistol was fired.

At Gerritt's indignant entry into the crowd the component parts of the battle drew asunder, the survivors of each faction clustering together and well apart from their late foes. It was as though every man wished thus to give mute testimony of his own horrified innocence of this breach of rough-house etiquette.

MIDWAY between the rival knots raged Ham Gerritt, demanding luridly to be told who had pulled the trigger and who thus eternally had shamed himself and his fellows. Perhaps through native reticence, no one admitted the guilt.

Nor, as a matter of record, was the pistol user's identity learned, then or later. Some battler on one side or the other had been stung past endurance by rage or pain and had had recourse to the gun in his pocket. The pistol's report had shocked him into sanity, and, unobserved in the press of warring men, he had slipped the weapon back into its hiding place. Nor had the shot found a human target.

It had served its turn by restoring to semi-sanity a mob of blood-craving madmen. Perhaps no lesser agency could have stayed the battle until far more damage should have been wrought on both sides.

"Who fired?" reiterated Gerritt, peering into the blood-streaked and bruised and swollen face of one man after another for possible signs of guilt. "Who fired, I say?"

Gavin Cole emerged from the ruck and came to a stand alongside his foreman.

"It's too late to find out now," he said, still gasping for breath from the mighty exertions of the past few minutes, "and, unless someone was hit by the shot, I'd rather not know. I know it wouldn't be one of *our* boys. That's enough for me. And—"

From among his stricken followers Jeff Christie strode, limping, one eye blacked and a cut on his forehead, whence trickled a thin line of dark blood. Heather trotted beside him, looking up in eagerly wistful sympathy at his master's battered face.

"I'll stake my life no man of *mine* did such a dirty thing!" Christie declared wrathfully. "It's the work of one of your gang of mixed-breed foreigners, Mr. Cole. My men are Americans, all. They don't pull guns on—"

"No?" panted Gavin, his nerves fraying. "I suppose your man Lerner was tossing a ping-pong ball when he opened fire on me from ambush the other day. It couldn't possibly have been a gun he used. You are lucky in having such a high-souled crowd to work for you—almost as lucky as they are in having you for a boss. The water company is luckiest of all."

He turned his back on Jeff and glanced about the shelf-top battlefield. Inured as he was to the rougher aspects of construction-camp life, the scene shocked him.

The table-like summit of shale was slippery with pools of blood. Here and there men huddled in unnatural positions—moveless, temporarily lifeless.

Of those who still could stand, scarce one was unmarked. The faces of some were bashed in to unrecognizableness. Several arms or wrists hung limp and twisted.

A sudden savage revulsion mastered Gavin Cole. Whirling back on Christie, who was binding up the crushed hand of one of his followers, he cried:

"I think you said a while ago that the law wasn't awake yet. So you had a try at taking it into your own hands. What have you gained by doing that? What have *any* of you gained by it? You haven't dislodged us here, and you can't do it in a century. But you've loosed two gangs of men against each other—men who had no personal grudge or enmity: men who were strangers and fellow wage earners. You've sicked them at one another's throats. You've probably caused more than one of them to be maimed for life, if nothing worse.

"And all for what? To drive us, illegally, from work on our own option ground; to drive us from a place where *you* have no rights. Well, you haven't done it! All you've done is to incur charges for malicious trespass and for assault and battery. It was you and your people who made the assault. It was unprovoked. You attacked a body of peaceful men who were earning their living in a law-abiding way and who weren't molesting anyone. That will land you in jail for a nice long term if Mr. Bett decides to press the charges, as I hope he will.

"You grabbed the reins of the law because the law wasn't awake yet. It'll be awake soon enough, don't worry. You're a swell chap to sneer at the law, aren't you, you pitiful would-be ruffian, with your gang of boobs whom you've saddled today with jail sentences?

"Look at those poor devils on the ground! Look at the swad of broken arms and broken legs and broken heads and ripped ears and tooth-smashed mouths and cut faces and bodies! Pretty sight, isn't it? All your own clever idea too! Your workers ought to worship you after this sample of your inspired leadership."

Half ashamed of his own wordy vehemence, he turned his back again on Christie and fell to taking stock of his men's injuries.

DURING the tirade Jeff had not once ceased from his own task of binding up his follower's injured hand, nor had any gesture or change of expression given token that he had heard a syllable of the tongue-lashing. But his face had gone bone-white under its tan and under its blood streaks. His mouth had compressed to a paper-thin gash.

"Say, boss!" burst out Ham Gerritt, in the loud admiration of his kind for a spinner of fiery rhetoric. "Say! You sure can speechify. If I was half as good at it, I'd be a walking delegate or a big union official this day instead of a measly gang foreman. And I gotta take my lid off to you, besides, on the way you played tag with death a few minutes back when you held on to that dynamite the dog brought you. That sure was some nerve. It—"

Gavin Cole broke in on the praise with a laugh that grated like a rusty file on rustier iron, a laugh which escaped the taint of hysteria only by its roughness and the key wherein it was pitched.

"*That* didn't call for pluck," he rasped, speaking in a tone intended to reach everyone on the rock. "There wasn't any danger, and I knew there wasn't. Christie loves that big collie of his more than he loves almost anything else there is. He wouldn't send Heather to his death that way. He'd sooner lose a leg. Besides, he wouldn't be idiot enough to incur the electric

(*Continued on page 38*)

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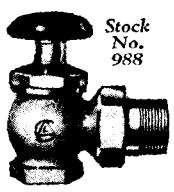

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The Valley Girl

Continued from page 37

chair by dynamiting me and possibly some of you boys too. Not in broad daylight with fifty witnesses. And he and his crowd wouldn't have stayed where they were when the dog started over to me if it had been good dynamite. They'd have broken and run, just as you others did. That's what he would have made them do, anyhow, if he had any knack for staging a thing like this. It was just a part of the whole bungle. It—"

"But, boss, if—"

"So I knew the cartridges were duds," continued Gavin. "Duds. Dead men. Defective cartridges he hadn't been able to use in his blasting and had thrown into a corner somewhere. This morning he fished them out and stuck a live fuse to them and brought them here to scare me out of my wits. I only wonder he didn't pull a cap pistol on me instead, the poor—"

HE CHECKED himself, aware that the strain of the past half hour and the physical clash of battle had had on him an effect not uncommon to men of action. His tongue had been loosed thereby well-nigh to drunkenness. He restrained himself by force from further babblings, and he was filled with self-contempt for his own garrulity at a time when Napoleonic curtness should have been the order of the day.

Jeff Christie's silence, in face of Gavin's invective, shone out brightly by contrast. Cole was aware of a reluctant admiration for Christie, as for a man stronger at heart than himself.

The recent combatants were busily stanching their hurts and those of their comrades. There was no danger, under normal conditions, that the fight would be renewed.

Scarcely more than a minute had passed, even now, since the lucky and innocuous shot had brought the scrimmage to a shambling halt and had changed a carnage-craving rabble into two groups of shamefaced and badly battered day laborers. Yes, the strife spirit was gone. Much provocation would be needed to revive it to even a small degree.

That provocation was no longer at hand, since Cole had realized the silliness of his own windily inflammatory words. More and more was he disgusted at his own intemperate tirade, bred of shock and reaction that had come as a climax to weeks of endless strain and overwork and worry. He did not so much as try to console himself by recalling that far greater men than he have "blown up" on slighter incentive than the jar of the rock-summit battle.

"What's next, boss?" whispered Gerritt. "Do we go ahead with the work? There isn't any too much time to lose, you said last night. Have those guys had enough, so's they won't horn in on us if I put the men back on the job? Or do we have to wait till Christie's crowd is gone? They—"

The question was answered definitely with no help from Cole. A car had stopped at the end of the lane which ran from the country road to the river byway. Two or three men were hustling out of it and toward the rock.

At sight of them Jeff Christie's grim face broke into a grin of pure relief. He advanced to meet the foremost of the trio, a stout man in ill-fitting tweeds. But the tweed-clad man merely nodded at him and pressed on toward Gavin Cole.

All three of the new arrivals were staring about them, goggle-eyed, at the carnage wrought. But the man in tweeds did not pause in his advance, even though his scandalized gaze was everywhere at once. Stopping in front of Gavin, he said:

"Mr. G. Cole? Yes. I know you. I've seen you three or four times at Regin and once down at the Gusepple courthouse. I serve this document on you in due and ancient form, Mr. Cole. A copy of the same injunction has just been served by me on Mr. W. Bett at Regin."

He handed impressively a long and folded slip of paper to Gavin as he spoke. Cole took it and stuck it into the pocket of his torn and bloody shirt without so much as opening it.

He knew well what had been served on him. By a matter of minutes he had lost his fierce race with time.

Now, as he and Bett had feared, Christie's injunction put an end, for the time at least, to all prospect of blasting the shale and letting the river in.

No longer would it be a question of speed and of surprise, but merely of eternally protracted legal squabbles.

Gavin had had the blasting gang on the job as early that morning as the light would serve to enable them to do their ticklish work.

The definite order to begin drilling had been given by Bett only the evening before. Cole had not dared set the men to work under electric flares in the night, for he knew the glare of light in so isolated a spot would draw as many curious valley folk as it would draw moths. Christie would have been warned of what was happening within an hour after the lights could have been switched on.

No, the early morning dash to the rock, with the full gang keyed up to super-speed, had been the one hope. As soon as Gavin had seen Christie approach he guessed that Jeff must have set the machinery in motion for an injunction before relying on brute force.

He saw now why Christie had played for time, first in trying to frighten the workers away from the rock, then in delaying them by the almost equally sensational ruse of a battle royal. Cole's opinion of his adversary's intelligence changed sharply for the better. The seemingly babyish exhibition of force had been planned wisely and calmly as the only possible means for averting the shelf's demolition until the law could intervene.

SMALL wonder that Jeff had made no retort or defense to Cole's furious tirade! The sanity and stark expediency of Christie's action had needed no defense. Even at the outset its justification—in the shape of a fat man in tweeds—was on the way thither.

"You understand the nature of the paper I have just served on you, Mr. Cole?" asked the man in tweeds. "I see you have not looked at it. I beg you to remember that ignorance of the law is no—"

"Quite," assented Gavin, feeling all at once very old and very sick and very hopeless. "I understand. The work on this shale reef is stopped. If you care to wait here three minutes, you will see the last of us starting back for Regin. It will take that long to collect the tools and our injured."

He gave an order to Ham Gerritt. Then, hesitating and manifestly miserable and ill at ease, he turned toward Jeff, whose jubilant followers were crowding around to congratuate him on his victory.

"Mr. Christie!" called Gavin loudly enough for all to hear. "Just now I made a fool of myself by some noisy things I said to you. I was dead wrong in all of them. I apologize as publicly as I insulted you. I ask your pardon."

Christie had not turned at sound of his name, nor during the voicing of Gavin's shamed apology did Jeff so much as cease from giving low-pitched instructions to the man in tweeds.

GAVIN came to the end of his short speech of amends and looked uncomfortably at the man to whom he had apologized. Christie went on evenly with his instructions, not troubling to favor Gavin with any sign that he had heard or heeded him.

Cole turned away with a mournful shrug.

"Life's such a lot bigger than we poor suckers who have got to live it!" he muttered, half to himself, as Gerritt came back to him from starting the gang on its work of clearing up and decamping.

"What's that, boss?" asked the foreman.

"Nothing," growled Cole. "In fact, minus nothing. Everything under way?"

"Yes," said Gerritt, adding philosophically, "well, the fight is over, anyhow, and—"

"Over?" snapped Gavin, his sagged shoulders squaring. "You've got another guess. It hasn't even begun. This slapping match was barely the first pork-and-beans prelim that's staged while the audience is finding its seats. Wait for the Main Bout of the Evening, friend. It's coming, all right. It's coming, and it's coming *soon!*"

(*To be continued next week*)

"—for myself and wife."
"Suite, sir?"
"I'll say she is! She's perfect!"

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A Long Yell for Nero

Continued from page 7

with their metal-set whips, Isaurii with their lassos and curved clubs, Alani with their clumsy lances, Vandals with their short clubs, glowering Belgii, Goths, Francs, Sarmates and Persian equites, always talking horse; some of them prisoners of war, some criminals, some debtors under sentence, some slaves, and a few volunteers (auctorati) like Bosso himself. He looked them over with grim contempt and thus addressed them:

"Hobos, hicks, yeggs, portal climbers, loafers, ladies' pets, and momma boys [this last is a slight Bowdlerization of the tart phrase mammarum parvuli]: Lend me your ears or I'll bite 'em off and chew 'em up. You've been living fat and sassy for the last few ides, and all the exercise you've been getting you got walking up to the window for the old pay tablet. Them happy days is gone forever. From now on you're going to fight. Or you ain't going to eat! And that goes for the swellest palm wearer among you has-been retiarii as much as it does for the newest little blue-eyed tiro over there playing with his wooden practice sword. Anybody got any say-no to it?"

Nobody had. They knew themselves.

"All right. Now we're all co-armii here. We're going to stand together, and we're going to fight together, and we're going to die together if necessary, though I don't think it's going to be necessary if I know my wild leeks of Caucasus, and I think I do. But make no mistake about those college lads of Comio's. They're no sissy boys. Most of 'em have been weaned on leopard's milk, and they eat raw asps every Sunday for lunch. Unless we figure out some way to get the jump on them, a vurry, *vurry* unpleasant time will be had by some at the party and we'll be the some. There's where your Uncle Bosso comes in, and all you have to do now is take orders. Just to pep you up, we're going to start with a little drill on incantations."

"Incantations?" growled a burly laquearius from the Styrian plains. "What is this? A bloomin' singin' school?"

"It'll be a dancing school if I say so, you fly-bitten string slinger," barked the new boss. He stretched forth a long arm, plucked the lariat from the breast of the objector and reeled him in with the loop which was around his neck. "And I'll start on you. Begin. Make it snappy."

Singly, by squads, and finally in choral of the whole sixty-five voices, he put them through their paces. Arminius Laurens summoned him to the presence.

"What *is* that infernal uproar?"

"Just a little idea of my own. It's to muss up the other fellows' morale."

"What's morale? No; don't tell me any of your barbarisms. My poor head is too weak. I forgot to give you the bad news. You can't appear in the Circus Maximus as a novice without a record. It wouldn't be allowed."

"Get a reputation, huh? All right. Who'll I fight?"

"They have nominated Gobbus, the Bull Slayer, for the open lists. He once brained an Etruscan bull with a blow of his naked fist."

"Bring him on. The bigger they are the harder they fall. When's the show?"

"Five days from now. Can you get in training?"

"I'm always in training."

THE Circus Catalinus was a second-rate vaudeville arena, and barely a hundred thousand people were there for the try-out of the "Barbarian with the Smile," as Bosso had come to be known. Quite a legend of his having learned his fighting craft from a talking bear had sprung up, and he got a very respectable hand when he entered the ring. It was drowned out in a wave of laughter as it was seen that his arms terminated in huge, puffy bags. Gobbus, on the other hand—in fact on both hands—had the heaviest kind of cestus reënforced with pointed lead nubs. He was a huge oak tree of a man with arms like beams, a face of red rock and shifty, furious eyes. Bosso looked slender as a reed beside him.

"Parati?" inquired the editor in charge of the day's ludi. "Oppugnatur. It is joined."

Gobbus advanced and stood, left hand uplifted as if to chop downward, right hand stiffly retracted with the knuckles upward, the correct and classic attitude. Bosso, seeing him wide open, popped him painfully on the nose, which was correct enough but far from classic. With an infuriate roar the feller of bulls let go a terrific right swing which Bosso interestedly watched from a safe two yards' distance. Such was its momentum that it carried its projector around no less than five complete revolutions, the heavily weighted fists aiding in this result. Having come to a stop, he saw his opponent grinning at him irritantly, leaped forward and unwound himself by missing a haymaker left which spun him back six times. Bosso stepped in with a short jab, followed by a sincere upper cut. Gobbus sat down.

"Habet!" yelled the crowd, astounded. "He's got him."

"Non habet," declared the arbiter, much annoyed. "Rise, Gobbus."

Somewhat fuddled but willing to oblige, the Etruscan rose, whereupon Bosso keeled him with a full smash and knocked him down three times more.

"Habet! Habet!" clamored the appreciative crowd.

"I'll say it's a habit," grumbled the novice. "How many times do I have to flatten this piece of cheese before you hand him the count, Mr. Editor?"

But this time the giant lay, writhing feebly. The rabble rose, yelling for blood, their thumbs pointed downward. Bosso paid no heed.

"Hey, supers!" he shouted. "He's out. Giv'm the hook."

A squad of slaves came running forth with a huge hamus on the end of a chain.

"Hold!" ordered the editor. He swept the auditorium with his glance. "The verdict is death, to be administered by the victor. Væ victis."

"Who? Me?" returned Bosso, disconcerted by this turn of events. "What'd I wanta kill the poor boob for? And what with?"

"Smother him to death with those sofa pillows you got on your hands," shrilled a madwag in the freedmen's section.

"Not me," Bosso stated positively. "He could live to be a hundred and I should worry."

"Dog of an outlander! Would you ignore Vox Populi, which is the will of the gods?" cried the editor. "Seize him, slaves."

Amid howls of protest from the crowd the now popular boxer was haled away while the editor went into conference with several nobles. Their verdict was delivered to the recalled victim.

"Barbarian, it is said that a bewitched bear taught you your strange and unorthodox method of combat. You will now be armed with a club and pitted against a monster from the Helvetian forests who will exhibit none of your unmanly pity but will assuredly kill you if you kill not him. Such is our will. We have spoken."

"Is zat so!" retorted Bosso.

The gladiator, now self-divested of his strange manual gear, took several deep inhalations of the powdered weed which imparts philosophic calm. That calm was still upon him when the great brute entered, lolloped across the ring and reared up over him.

With his swift right hand the barbarian cast a spell. The bear cast a fit.

He whirled, he rolled, he span, he whiffled, he barked, he spit, he wheezed, staggered around the arena weeping bitterly. Every time he paused for another conniption the man relentlessly whanged him with the club. Finally the unhappy bear found an exit and took it, without a hand. All the plaudits were for the conqueror. Striding forward to acknowledge them, he felt his ankle plucked. There in the sand lay Gobbus, still goggle-eyed.

"A word to posterity," whispered the fallen one. "Tell my sons that my dying message was 'Never mix it with a cross-eyed stranger.'"

"Dying words, nothing!" returned the other. He raised his voice. "Hey, folks! Do I get this bird's life, or don't I?"

"You do," came back in an avalanche of assent.

Back to the lanista of Arminius Laurens went Bosso to put his small army through three weeks of intensive training. Himself he worked harder than any of his men. But from an hour before sunset to six or seven hours after he was not to be found in the arena, for those were the hours when he so effectively guarded from outer threat the safety and honor of the lovely Lady Lydia.

ON THE morning of the tenth of the dies fasti Boso looked with grim approval upon forty-seven out of the original sixty-five gladiators of Arminius' schola. The balance were dead, fled or in splints. A leaner, meaner, tougher, rougher, harder, scarreder crew than this little company never determinedly awaited the word of battle. All wore the scantiest of armor; their leader none at all. There were no horses; the equites, dismounted, carried short swords and, hooked into their belts, knobby clubs, this latter equipment being common to all the force except Bosso. Across his long but unswanlike neck were strung his boxing gloves, upon one of which perched Hierotrismegistus, the mouse mascot of the outfit.

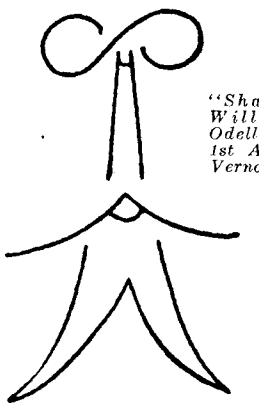
"Do you go weaponless into the battle, master?" solicitously inquired Gobbus, who had joined his conqueror's band.

"This mitt," said Bosso, "is loaded with sand. . . ."

It was a gala day at the Circus Maximus. Every seat of the three hundred and fifty thousand was taken and the S. P. Q. R. sign stood at all the gates.[1] In the imperial pulvinar sat Nero the Magnificent viewing the assemblage through a monocle formed of a single emerald. He was an amateur of games, frequently taking part himself and invariably winning; it being considered unlucky in those days to prove oneself superior to the emperor. From the Sacred Presence to the meanest slave

[1]This is evidently a misapprehension on the part of the reporter. S. P. Q. R. signifies "Senatus Populusque Romanus," not "Standing Room Only" as he seems to imply.—Editor.

(*Continued on page 40*)



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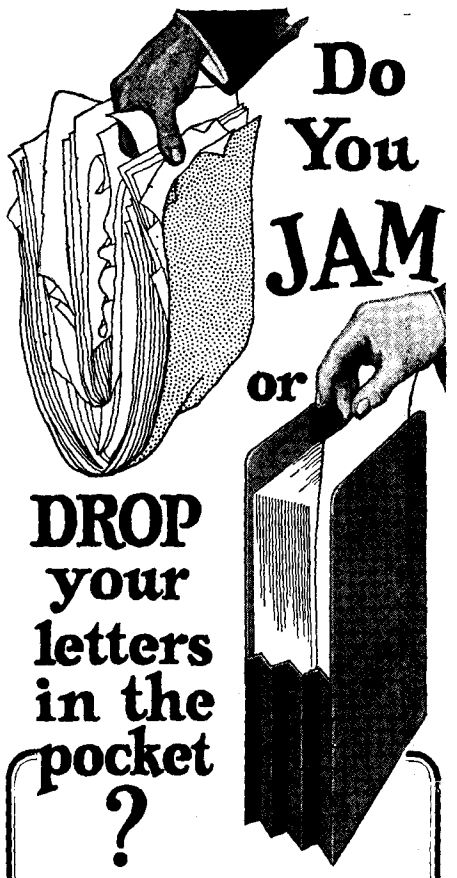

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A Long Yell for Nero

Continued from page 39

all were awaiting the main event, the clash between the rival schola gladiatorum of Comio and Arminius Laurens, the first authentic intercollegiate games of history. Seers threaded the crowd selling prophecies of the outcome for a few denarii, while the young bloods of the sporting nobility were busy with their betting tablets, mostly backing the Comio array, the odds running 7 to 1 when it was announced that this schola was entering its full quota, whereas Arminius Laurens' team numbered but forty-seven. The editor announced the governance of the conflict:

"There is but one rule: hit any man anywhere any time with any sword, club, whip, lance, trident, cestus, or whatsoever-have-you. The gods give victory. Now go to it." (Ad rem.)

With a sounding fanfare of trumpets the Comians made a dashing entry from the East, or Fortunate, Gate and paraded toward the pulvinar of Nero. There were twelve equites, superbly mounted on stallions, with their long lances aloft; ten palmularii so heavily armored that they could hardly waddle; ten secutors, their short swords held against their chins; retiarii with their nets; laquearii with their thongs; pagniarii with their whips, all clanking and jangling with their weight of protective metal, and at their head Formans the Thracian, known as the most brutal and hardy rudiarius of the day.

"All show-off," Bosso told his men, though he felt no small misgivings within himself. "They'll be meat for us. Just mind your teamwork and—"

His voice died in his throat, but not with any dismay of the foe. He had just seen a more disruptive sight. An imperial escort appeared leading the Lady Lydia to Nero's box and establishing her there. Bosso knew what that meant. All Rome knew what it meant, and there was much craning of necks and whispering and giggling. Bosso cursed the day when he had consented to withdraw the bodyguard, essential though they were for the Big Event. He got a clear sight of the girl's face now, and it made him feel better. She was very pale, but bore herself composedly, and by the little hand at her breast he knew she carried there the dagger that would be her last and sure defense.

From below, Arminius' face, black with blood, stared up at her, then turned as a dull, confused, husky muttering filled the air. The Comian College was delivering the formal salute to the emperor in a spiritless, disrhythmic chorus of blatting, growling, croaking, burbling, mumbling, squeaking, piping, hopelessly disparate vocality.

"Ave, Cæsar, Imperator! Morituri te salutant." (One young secutor slipped and said "salutamus," which cost him his tongue and one ear. It doesn't do to use familiar grammar to a Nero.)

"Rotten!" chuckled Bosso. "Wait till they hear us."

Again the trumpets blared, and at the call of the præcones the forty-seven trotted forth briskly in close formation, and halted before the imperial pulvinar. There Bosso turned. He lifted his arms amid a sudden silence. Once, twice and thrice he brought them sharply down, and at the third beat there resounded in the astonished ears of the multitude the pulsing rhythm of the first college yell ever heard in that or any other known world:

"RAU-cus! RAU-cus! RAU-cus!
Soc et tuum! Soc et tuum!
Ho, boi! Ho, boi!
Schola Arminii-yi-yi-yi-yi-yi!"

NERO was delighted. "That is the proper way to salute a descendant of the gods," he declared—"with sacred song and chant." He looked over at Lydia to see how she was taking it. But Lydia, her face alight, was looking at the raw-boned cheer leader, and the raw-boned cheer leader was looking ardently at the emperor. Or was he? Maybe he wasn't. You couldn't tell. An official announcement was made:

"His godlike Imperial Highness wills that the schola of Comio should return and make more fitting salute in the new style."

The rival warriors, markedly discomfited, as Bosso noted with satisfaction, straggled back at the order of Formans, their leader, but the best they could offer was a feeble and disorganized; "Mars with us! Mars with us! Ho!"

"Show them how, Barbarian of the Diverted Glance," said Nero.

"Now, boys; a long, long yell for Nero. Make it snappy," ordered Bosso.

As one man they chanted:

"Væ! Væ!
Bytis ae!
Cruor, crudus,
Ludus! Ludus!
Glad-i-a-torius!
Nero! Nero! NEE—*ro!"*

"Bis! Bis! Idem!" shouted the enraptured potentate, and again they obliged, but with eased voices, as their leader was saving them. Still the imperial ears were unsated, and he would

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Major Forester, our beloved hero, meets his greatest adventure in

The Chateau of Phantasies

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

have kept them at it, but the crowd showed signs of restiveness.

"What is this, a scrap or a meetin' of the Choral Union?" demanded a harsh voice from the 249th row, and the acclaiming roar warned Nero that enough was enough. He waved the rival teams to their positions.

As he wheeled, Bosso caught the eye of Lydia with one, or possibly both of his own, and raised his voice in a ditty slightly and significantly varying from the original as she had first heard it:

"The girl who's straight and on the level
Need have no fear of king nor devil."

Down in the press seats a man named Horace created a momentary disturbance by attempting to interpose a few remarks on the subject of copyright,[1] but was squelched.

The two scholæ set themselves. The announcer gave the signal. The trumpets blared. Bosso, melting into the front rank, center, of his squad, snapped out his final instructions:

"Wait till you see the whites of their livers. Then let 'em have it. *Now!*"

Moving in metallic splendor upon the small, close-pressed, low-crouched, steady-treading group of foot soldiery, the Comians were smitten immovable by a massed thunder of bull-throated voices beside which all that had gone before was as a pig's whisper; a vocal onset that had the gathering momentum of a tidal wave from the heart of the stormy ocean, instinct with doom:

"Wuff! Wuff! Wuff! Wuff!
Wow! Wow! Wow! Wow!
Væ! Væ! Væ! Væ!
VICTIS!"

Every horse of the Comian outfit turned tail, several turned somersaults; bucked off their riders and sought the nearest way out, mowing down rows of heavily armored men as they went, with an accompanying crashing and grinding of metal more strident than the worst chariot mix-up on record.

Hardly less mazed than the horses by the horrific chorus, the warriors rushed and reeled and staggered and fell, and where one fell, there he lay and rolled like an epileptic stove, for it is difficult to get up in a full suit of armor after being keeled over and as undesirable as difficult when there is a trained and willing murderer with a club waiting to swat you down again. Such was the plight of the Comians, for the Arminian college lads were all over them, their heavy weapons beating out an anvil chorus to their triumphant slogan:

"Who-are-we? Who-are-we?"

[Then, very staccato, after the deliberate thunder of the critical query:]

"We're the scrappers of Arminius.
We will fight 'em to a finius.
Laurens! Laurens!
Soak the morons!
Schola! Schola! Whee-EE-EE-EE-EE!"

While the three hundred and fifty thousand spectators shrieked with joy and the emperor rolled on his throne, Bosso's men chased those who were capable of being chased out through the exits. It was all over in two minutes. Swelling with pardonable pride, the captain advanced across the stricken field toward the imperial box, when he leaped in the air with a loud and grievous shriek.

"I'm bit!" he yelled.

A spot of blood appeared upon the calf of his bare leg and developed into a trickle. Looking wildly about him, Bosso beheld the hardy and brutal Formans a few yards distant. Having struggled to his knees, the leader of the opposition had laid hold of an abandoned whip left by a fugitive pagniarius and with it had stung the enemy from the rear. Bosso rushed over and knocked violently on one of his lids.

"Come out of your can, you big sardine," he roared, "and I'll knock you for a picnic lunch."

"Single combat! Single combat!" whooped the crowd.

Bosso was ready and willing. Formans was willing and ready. But the editor, after leaning to the emperor, interposed, and the præco gave out the bad news. It was not fit that a superior performer like Bosso should be pitted against a man already vanquished. Single combat there should be (the multitude cheered), but it would be between the barbarian hero and an Unknown Champion (Lauriger Incognitus) at cestus play. (The multitude tactfully suppressed groans, for everybody knew that the incog was the emperor himself and that there could be but one end to a sorry set-to.)

The hortator made a long and flattering speech about the challenger, who, it appeared, had overcome every gladiator at every type and style of ludus known to the circi. Would Bosso the Barbarian enter the lists against him? Bosso's grin was deprecatory.

"I'm a simple and untutored child of nature, but I'll do my little best."

FORTH strode a masked and majestic warrior clad in a lion skin which he discarded with a superb and poetic gesture. He was sturdy, well-muscled, and of no despicable build and bearing, though a bit paunchy, for this was in the latter days of Nero. Bosso was pained to observe that in addition to the usual metal slugs the cestus of his opponent glittered liberally with

[1]And justifiably. The alteration of "Integer vitæ" to "Integra vitæ" is as impudent as it is opportunistic and supports the suspicion of fraud on the part of the claimant.—Editor.

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broken glass. In view of this special armament the whispered advice of the veteran Gobbus did not look so good:

"You take an easy one on the snoot"—he was a vulgar-spoken fellow, the veteran—"then flop and roll over. That's all there is to it."

But Bosso reflected uncomfortably: "If he lands one of those in the wrong place, it's good-by eye. And I've got use for both of mine, even if they aren't a team."

Perfunctory and patriotic cheers rolled along the benches as the masked warrior made formal salute. "Never yet," said he in an affected voice, "has opponent laid harmful hand upon me. Therefore you need not fear to strike with all your force."

"Look out, Emp! He's liable to do it," warned a shrill pleb from the two-sestertii seats.

"Crucify that man," ordered Nero pettishly. But the ushers could not find him, or claimed they couldn't.

The distinguished unknown now advanced and made play. At once Bosso perceived that he was no tiro but had probably been a respectable amateur. He ducked, dodged, side-stepped, swiveled and blocked until the masked one was pawing, panting and sweating in most unimperial fashion.

"Stand up and fight," he growled.

"I'm fighting the best I know how," replied Bosso politely and mendaciously.

"Then you're yellow as the Tiber," cried the exasperated ruler, missing three more swings. "Your doom be upon your own head. I strike for the lovely Lady Lydia, a prize for a god." And he aimed a brisk kick but not at the barbarian's head. Quite otherwise, in fact.

AT BEST Bosso had not liked Nero too well. The glass knuckles had upset him, the reference to Lydia displeased him, and the kick really annoyed him. He knocked Nero flat with a too enthusiastic left. Repentant and alarmed, he at once bent over to lift the fallen man, and for his pains got a heavy and injurious sandal planted on his tender shin. This was too much for the lively barbarian temper. He kicked the Descendant of Olympus and Ruler of the World heartily in another location not countenanced by the rules, as established by King Amycos.

"I'm a god," wailed Nero. "Sacrilege! Blood! Vengeance!"

Up he leaped and rushed, and this time Bosso let him have the sand-filled right glove under the chin. Nightingales and ortolans sang the slumber song of an emperor as he laid him down to rest in the dust of the arena.

"Oh, Bosso! What have you done!" cried Lydia, leaning out from the pulvinar. Her hands yearned toward the gladiator; her lovely eyes were bright with tears and terror.

"Have I pulled a boner?"[1] asked the outlander uneasily. "He sort of got my goat with that stuff about you."

"You'll be trampled by an elephant," she wailed.

"I'd rather be than see him get you," he returned boldly.

"He'll never get me," said the girl softly.

The extraordinary face of Bosso broke into its heart-warming grin. "And I'm not figuring to let any elephant get me," he announced. "I know elephants, and I don't like 'em."

An hour later, Nero having recovered his senses but not his equanimity, matters looked very poor for the impious toppler of Unknown Champions. The Roman populace was about to be treated to a special feature not on the official program, the trampling of a pugilatus who had committed the dire offense of kicking a man when he was down. In the interests of sport for the public, the victim was not pegged down but merely fastened by a long thong to a single stake driven into the ground. Bets were made as to how long the elephant would take to get him.

Temporary but strong barriers had been hastily thrown up, forming a small ring not far from the imperial box, the remainder of the open space being thronged with eager Romans who poured down from the seats. Bosso's oo-armii, stricken and wretched, huddled near one of the exits.

"Fetch forth the avenging animal," shouted the præco. The elephant, a flop-eared African with the red eyes of the killer, shouldered through the gate. Seeing the tethered man, he gave a squeak of rage and whirled toward him. Squatting and alert, Bosso thrust a hand into a fold of his garment and brought forth an object too small for most of the people to see.

"Go to it, Hierotrismegistus," he said.

The mouse reared himself to his full height and uttered a horrible yell. Such at least, it must have seemed to the elephant, if one may judge by the effect, for he stopped short in his tracks, shaking all over. His trunk went up waveringly. His absurd mouth fell open. Once again Hierotrismegistus gave voice, and this time the man killer turned tail and made for the nearest exit, but not at the walk-not-run pace prescribed by the then fire commissioner, Crassus. The exit having been barred, he cast a terror-stricken look behind him, saw the advancing mouse and gave vent to his feelings in a maidenly shriek.

"Sic'm, Tige," said Bosso, and the chase began.

Around and around the circumscribed space fled the miserable monster, presumably cursing the management for not having staged the event in a hundred-mile ring where he might have had a chance, with Hi toiling valiantly in his rear. Every now and then the mouse would fall into one of the elephant's footprints and get all bruised up, but he pluckily climbed out again and renewed the pursuit, from time to time shattering the fugitive's nerves with his formidable battle cry.

"Atta mousie!" yelled Bosso, who had meanwhile wrenched the stake out of the ground and was soaking the fleeing monster on his sensitive toes every time he came around. "Keep at him."

There are limits to any elephant's endurance. With a despairing moan this one hurled himself at the barrier, and at the second onset it broke, letting him through. A gateway labeled "This Way Out" appealed strongly to his immediate need, and he mowed a swath through the crowd until he made it. But on the further side he took the wrong turn and found himself among the cages of the bestiarium. Wheeling, he sought escape, but in vain. The way was blocked by the apparition of Hierotrismegistus, who was weary but implacable.

Desperation now beset the elephant. He rushed among the cages, upsetting them left and right, and the wild beasts, taking contagion of the panic, issued forth with roars and yells and gibberings. Hierotrismegistus was chased into a lumber pile by the darnedest, biggest cat he had ever seen (it happened to be the prize Numidian lioness) and from that vantage observed the exodus and wondered what was happening in the arena and whether they needed his help.

Much was happening in the arena, but the situation was beyond anybody's help. The first-class jam which the crowd had staged when the barrier broke opened up as the animals came forth headed by the elephant. Bosso sensed the psychological moment. He lifted his stentorian voice:

"Now, boys! All together. Give 'em a hair hoister!"

Instantly responsive, the sky-shocking choral rang out:

"RAU-cus! RAU-cus! RAU-cus! RAU-cus!
Soc et tuum! Soc et tuum!
Ho, boi! Ho, boi!
Bosso! Bosso!! BOSSO!!!!!!!"

At that, what had been mere panic became riot, avalanche, cataclysm, and Pluto take the hindmost.

Threading the tumult, Bosso ran to the barrier, whistling anxiously. With a squeak of relief and a wild scramble, Hierotrismegistus shinned up his leg and took cover in his leather tunic.

"Now," said his master, "we'll pick up the rest of the party."

A COMPARATIVELY clear space offered opportunity. Bosso plunged into it and made for the imperial pulvinar on the trail of a horrified jaguar whose nerves had been badly shaken and who suspected that this man was after him for no good purpose. Nero saw the gladiator coming. With god-given presence of mind he hopped the box and fled for parts unknown, holding his hands clasped protectively behind him. He needn't have worried. Bosso's eyes were all for Lydia, though, considering their peculiarities, the emperor could hardly be expected to know that. At one leap the outlander swarmed up the wall and into the arms of the waiting girl. She slipped a dagger into his hand.

"You may need it," said she.

"So you did have it," he replied. "Keeping it for yourself in case—"

"For Nero," she said, "if the elephant had killed you."

"Forget Nero," said the pugilatus happily, and they forgot Nero and all else while Rome streamed beneath them in mad turmoil.

After a time the rush eased a little, and a riderless horse came along. With the thong which had been his tether Bosso cleverly roped in the animal, set the girl on its back and mounted before her.

"Me for the suburbs and then some," he remarked. "Rome isn't going to be healthy for cross-eyed men for quite some time."

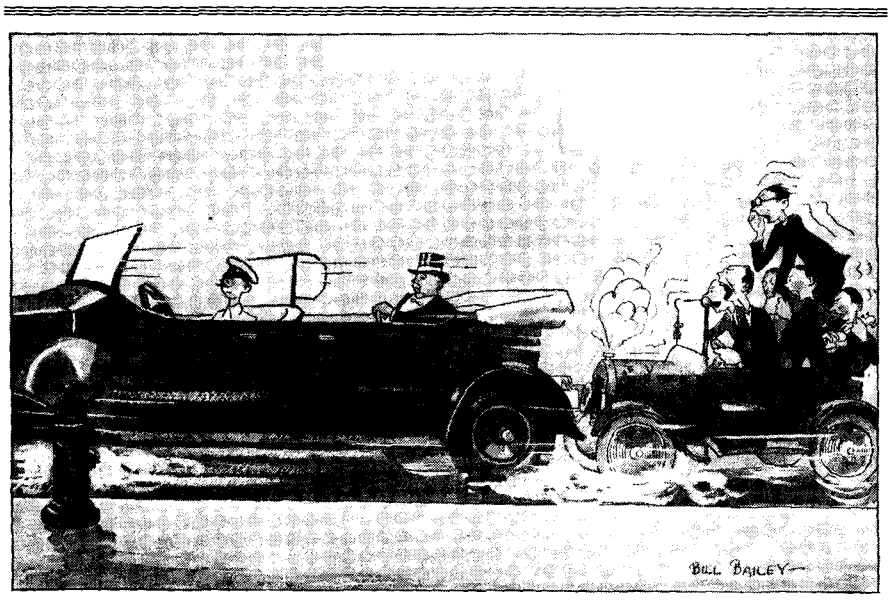
"What about me?" queried the Lady Lydia softly.

"I'm only a simple and untutored child of nature from the tall and oaken timbers," sighed Bosso, "but you come with me and I'll treat you right."

And the lovely Lydia, pressing closer to him, responded in a phrase which has come thundering classically down the ages. "Quam natura superba!" she whispered.

Which, being interpreted, means "Ain't nature grand!"

[1]By his phrase "Os infortunatum jeci?" Bosso probably referred to an unlucky cast of the bone dice; therefore the rendering "pulled a boner" is rather liberal.—Editor.



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Off Skagerrak

Continued from page 23

noticed the bustle and excitement upon a mere passenger ship when one nears a port. Imagine, then, how it is nothing to the feeling upon a warship when one nears a spot where the enemy may be found. Everyone, as he stands in his place, is loaded down like a pack pony with his pistol, his respirator, his glasses, his ear protectors.

While it is quite like the battle practice which one has seen many times before, still it is very different as well. One minute you say calmly to yourself: This is just another drill. Soon it will be over and we shall hear the bugle for mess."

"But no," you reply, as if you were arguing over a girl in the beer hall ashore. Only you are speaking to yourself instead of to a comrade. "This will be a practice in which the targets can shoot back."

You feel that at such a critical time you should be different, and you are a little worried to find that you are no different. But this is difficult to explain. I fear I do not make myself clear.

The lieutenant who went back and forward on the errands from the admiral was whistling a little tune, as if he were very happy. It was not a national hymn of love for our Fatherland, nor was it a sailing chantey, but a silly little ballad that was sung in the variety theatres. It was about a young lady who had late callers, and the tune went so: tum, tum, ti-di-de-dum.

We, being the flagship, as I have said, led the battle cruiser squadron. Ahead of us were the light cruisers; ahead of them, the destroyers. Behind us came the battleships. So the ships in each section were larger than those in the section that preceded. We came out of the mine fields like the choir boys who come down the aisle of a cathedral: the very little boys first, then the boys of grammar-school height and lastly the grown men, which were the battleships.

THE sea was calm, but overhung with haze. It was the sort of haze that my father, the fisherman, called "sand fog," because when we were children he told us it grew on the sandy beaches and floated out to sea.

Very thick smoke came from the funnels of the destroyers ahead, which, added to the haze, seemed to separate us, each ship from the other, as we were all cut off from the shore. This continued for a long time, until I had made up my mind that it was to be only a practice cruise like the others.

Some message came in from the wireless-room, and all in a second things were changed. Orders were shouted into the phones and down the speaking tubes, which I did not comprehend, for I knew nothing of navigation. At least, while I could sail a fishing yawl by a dead reckoning, I could not understand the management of ships when they maneuver in squadrons.

So many orders were given that I pictured Adolph very busy as he sat in his chair three or four decks below. It was part of his duty to redistribute some of these orders to the men who would execute them.

I next saw our forward turret move and the guns swing out. Officers beside me on the bridge adjusted their ear protectors. I followed their example. The lieutenant came no more from the admiral's council to the bridge.

I looked to starboard and saw our fleet, stretching out for miles, deploying until the wings of the column were lost in the cloudy, far distance. Dead ahead were the white wakes of our destroyers, gleaming beneath the black smoke screen their funnels belched out. We were then making about 22 knots.

The officers, who had glasses, could see more than I. Figures began to appear on the range dial.

I saw, rather than heard, the command "FIRE."

The armor sheeting about the bridge seemed to come up and hit me in the face. A great yellow cloud of cordite smoke hung about us before the breeze lifted it away. An officer swore at the gunners because the splashes fell between us and the enemy. As for me, I could not see an enemy.

The same thing happened again.

I was quite disappointed because the English did not return our fire. I did not connect their ships with the columns of water, sixty meters high, which rose about us, until an officer smiled and said, "They're wild like the devil on their range."

After a time, when we had run through another smoke cloud, I did see the enemy ships.

They were just like towed targets, set away off on the horizon, except that their turrets blazed out. As soon as I saw their turrets blaze, I began to be disturbed about the columns of water that the shells kicked up near us. I watched anxiously to see if a salvo would "straddle us."

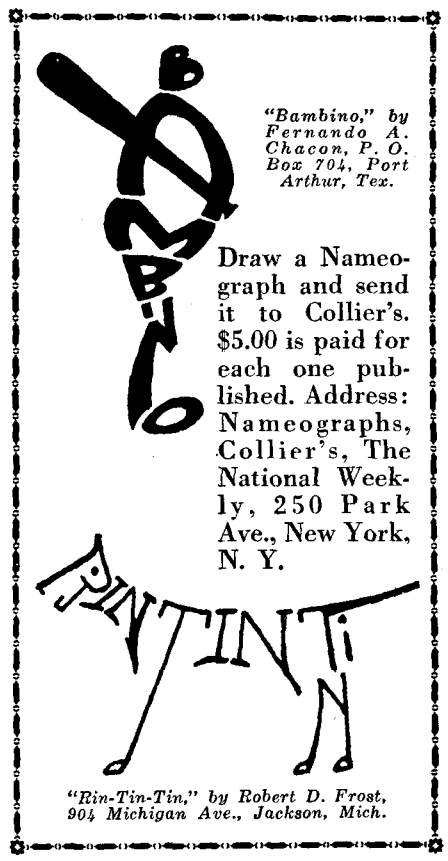
So I watched the enemy. I could see a burst of flame from their heavy guns. Then, for the length of time it requires to taste a drink, we waited, thinking of the one or two or three tons of explosive being hurled at us. Usually, with a roar like a freight train going over a bridge at night, the shells passed above us and splashes fell beyond.

For a long time this continued. I became so accustomed to it that I forgot to be alarmed when a salvo straddled us. Immediately after a bolt of lightning hit our foredeck near the turret. White metal, like forked lightning in the summer, flew about the bridge. We were blinded temporarily. The ship staggered, and we were buried in smoke. When it cleared away we were relieved to see that no particular damage had been done.

"I saw he had us straddled," remarked one of the officers. "They're picking up on their observation. Most likely they were nervous."

Only a few minutes before the same officer had been reprimanded for swearing at another officer over the phone at something of no importance. But now he did not mind the real danger.

I, on the contrary, began to feel very cautious, for the burst of the shell on the foredeck made me realize we could be hit. I got the idea that the ship was like a boxer, jarred with a punch to his body, who suddenly realizes he must cover himself and fight defensively.



"Bambino," by Fernando A. Chacon, P. O. Box 704, Port Arthur, Tex.

Draw a Nameograph and send it to Collier's. $5.00 is paid for each one published. Address: Nameographs, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

"Rin-Tin-Tin," by Robert D. Frost, 904 Michigan Ave., Jackson, Mich.

The ship stopped dead, as if she had run upon a reef. We were all thrown to the deck by the force of the explosion. With my own eyes I saw the foredeck and the turret rise up, lifted far above the surface of the water.

"Torpedo," called a voice.

Some of our instruments on the bridge were smashed.

A silence followed.

BEFORE we could continue, while a gunnery lieutenant fumbled with a control dial, the lightning struck again. The bursts of flame were on the port side. Another shell that, while it missed, burst in the water close at hand sent up a column that fell over us, drenching us. I may have been stunned, but the cold sea water revived me.

At my feet, his so-nicely-pressed uniform all soggy, lay the gunnery officer. His shoulder was gashed, probably by a bit of shell fragment. I fell to work bandaging the place, until the navigator stopped me.

"He's dead, you idiot."

I examined the body for sign of a heartbeat. Only then did I realize that I had attended to a hurt on the shoulder of a corpse.

Even at a time like that there was no confusion. The admiral's lieutenant, who whistled no more, came up, a chart in his hand. He beckoned to me. "Call the surgeon to the wireless-room," he ordered.

I went below, to the sick bay. One needed iron nerves to look upon what I saw there. A shell which struck the port side had gone clean through to the starboard before it exploded and killed the surgeon and his assistants and my comrades who must have been attending some of those wounded by the torpedo.

It is a fact that I saw one body which had been blown clean through a partition into the linen-room. I could smell fire in the forepart. Another great jar and yet another told of successive salvos that had struck us.

There were no surgeons to be found. As the surgeons and the medical staff were all past their need of medicine, I reported back to the bridge.

The officer to whom I reported the facts looked at me dully as if he did not comprehend. Underfoot there was some blood, besides sea water. A seaman from the main battery, sent there on an errand, had been hit in the throat and had bled to death. There was no time to swab up the blood, so I scattered sand that I took from a bucket in the locker.

The cruiser's bow, as any landsman could see, was crushed in and submerged. Abaft, because of our heeling and listing, the screws were half out of the water. Although they continued to turn, we barely moved forward. Waves swept over the damaged bow clear up to the turret, although the sea was quite calm except for the shell splashes and the wash of cruisers and destroyers.

THEN the admiral, with the lieutenant, came to the bridge. I heard him order the course to be changed so that we could withdraw. He sent up a hand signalman, from the supernumerary list, to notify a destroyer that he would transfer to the Moltke.

Because of our condition, we went toward safety very slowly, wallowing in the trough of each swell like an old derelict barge. We withdrew for a mile, it may be, and then another broadside hit us. Some of the shells were gas, and we all had to attach our masks or be suffocated. There was no one to put masks upon the wounded.

No longer did we resemble a ship in any particular. We had become a complete wreck. I was dismissed from my duty on the bridge.

On the deck lay bodies of sailors, their uniforms torn, scattered between empty shell cases. Men were unconscious from the effects of gas. The deck was

(*Continued on page 44*)

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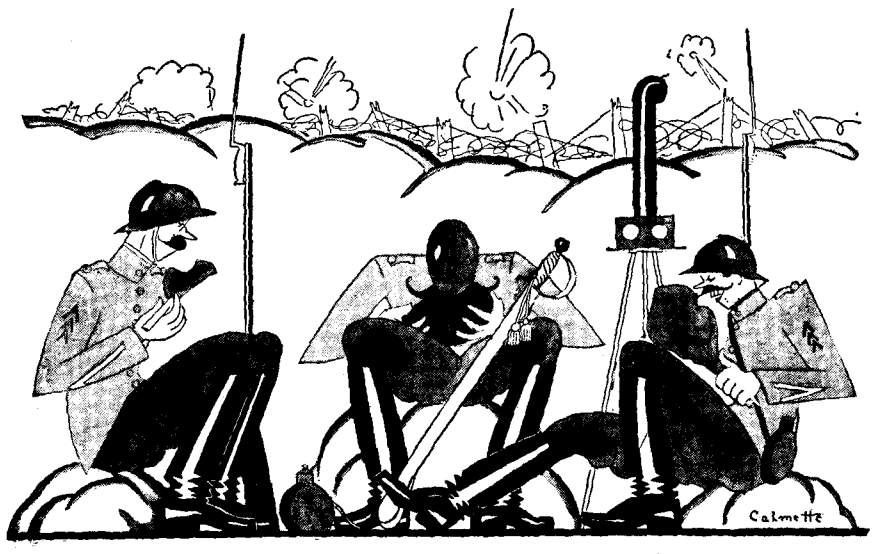
CATCHING UP WITH THE WORLD



French Government "Grafting"

By Edwin E. Slosson
Director Science Service

THE French soldiers brought back from the front a habit that is causing trouble to the government—eating meat—and, they got their families into the habit. But there isn't enough to go round. Where is more to come from? Algeria's two million sheep surplus a year is lessening with the influx of settlers. If now it were a shortage in, say, shoes it might be met by faster machinery and shorter methods. But you can't speed up the processes of nature. Or can you? Voronoff had found that by a transplantation of glands he could make old animals younger. Why not use it to make young animals older? The results he reported of his experiments on rejuvenation in human beings have been received with skepticism. A man will be inclined to feel younger just to get his money's worth. But sheep are not so self-conscious, and in Algeria the government gave him a chance to experiment on its herd of 3,000. The operation is a simple one, consisting essentially of implanting in the lambs minced testicular tissue taken fresh from slaughtered rams. This furnishes the young lamb with the hormone which its own glands are too immature to provide and so hastens it to puberty.

Help From Germany

VORONOFF went to Algeria three years ago, and the 1926 report of the state sheep-breeding service was decidedly favorable. The average weight of the two-year-old sheep ungrafted at two years old was 135 pounds. The average weight of the grafted rams was 150 pounds, a gain of 15 pounds apiece. The wool of the ungrafted sheep weighed 6.8 pounds; of the grafted 8.2 pounds.

On his visit to Algeria last spring Voronoff found that of the eleven government flocks two were entirely composed of the offspring of the grafted rams. These afforded a test on a sufficiently large scale to eliminate accidental and individual discrepancies, for 2,800 sheep of the two sorts were weighed and sheared. The grafted group weighed a fifth more and their wool a sixth more than the natural group. It seems, then, that there is a double advantage by the treatment; a gain in individual growth and wool production and another gain in the more rapid successions of generations due to quicker maturity.

The next question is how to replenish the pasturage with sufficient rapidity to provide fodder for these accelerated herds. The Germans have tackled that problem, and they are trying forced feeding with synthetic fertilizers and aiming to develop new crops that can be speeded up still more. It has been demonstrated that it is possible to keep two or three times as many cattle, sheep or hogs on the same acreage, and nobody can tell what will come of such attempts to carry factory methods of mass production to the farm in the future.

Transparent Metals

ANY metal is transparent if it is thin enough. And Dr. Carl Mueller of the Charlottenburg Laboratory has found out how to get them thin enough: sheets of iron, nickel, gold, silver, platinum, so diaphanous that laid upon a page of type or a picture they scarcely dim it. Pile six such sheets of gold over the print and you can still read it without difficulty. The thickness of these films is one one-hundred-thousandth of a millimeter. A stack of two and a half million of them would be an inch high.

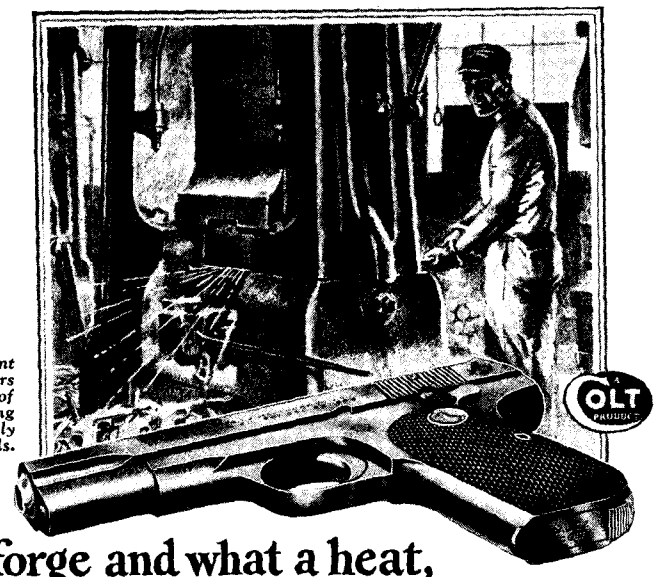
They are made by depositing a thin layer of the metal by the electric current on the surface of some soluble substance such as rock salt and then washing it away. A ring of thicker metal supports the film so that it can be handled. Such disks of film are quite elastic and will bulge out a tenth of their diameter before breaking. Nickel is much less transparent than gold to visible light, but will readily transmit the ultra-violet rays of shorter wave length. Because their surface is proportionally so great the films will carry a surprisingly large current of electricity. A strip of film barely large enough to be seen will carry enough current to run several lamps.

Fine metallic sheets of this sort, useful in studies of light and electricity, may also be serviceable in making diaphragms for the sound boxes of phonographs and radio receivers, for it is the weight of these that dampen the overtones and coarsen the sound.

Longevity by Decapitation

CUTTING off the head of certain insects does not cause their instant death, but actually lengthens their normal life. So reports M. Patigaud, who has been experimenting in this rough fashion with moths of the silkworm sort. Ordinarily they live eight or ten days at most, but if neatly decapitated they may live twenty-six to twenty-nine. They are a little lacking in spontaneity and initiative, but behave normally when stirred up. Of course they cannot eat, but, then, they don't have to, for they have fed enough when they were worms to last them during their life in the air. The decapitated head lives twenty-four hours.

Funny if human beings could lose their heads with as little harm. Guillotining a man then might prolong his life to two or three hundred years.



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*Spare Time Man	1925	1926	1927
C. Sorter	$3,470	$5,206	$5,340
A. Goodwin	1,640	2,690	2,965
H. Begrow	945	2,770	6,500
*N. Faber	2,105	2,475	2,716
M. Reis	3,285	3,740	4,230

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Off Skagerrak

Continued from page 42

awash, for we had settled so that everything was submerged up to the 30-centimeter gun turret. And this turret, like all the others, was disabled, with guns sticking out crazily in all directions. From the masts dangled torn flags, twisted signal lines and wire.

I found no one to tell we what to do. I worked with the wounded as best I could. But many of them were badly gassed, in addition to their wounds. In these cases bandaging was futile. I had not even any opiate to ease the suffering. The wreck in the sick bay had paralyzed all relief work.

We were like a ship of the dead. Corpses were washed from our deck and drifted past the sides.

Between decks, the electric light worked fitfully, showing that the Diesel dynamo was still running. I was glad of that, for I knew that my brother Adolph was still safe.

There were peculiar things, too, which I observed. I saw a petty officer and an oiler eating bread and meat in the wreck of the galley. They were the only ones I remember who seemed to have thought of food at that time.

Between decks everything was drenched with water, and the equipment and all fittings floated about.

Night settled down early because of the smoke and haze. All about us the sky lighted up with gun flashes and the sounds of the explosions and detonations made our heads ache.

The destroyer that had taken off the admiral and his staff returned to speak to us. Her commander said that two enemy cruisers were approaching. The commander of the destroyer brought the admiral's order to abandon ship.

An officer, who had been injured himself, called to me to bring all the wounded to the stern. With the aid of the gunners and seamen I attempted to carry out his instructions. But the wounded were scattered everywhere. It was a task which would have taken us days to accomplish, for all the passageways and companionways were blocked.

AFTER a time I went up to the bridge to assist a petty officer. On my way up there was a sound like an explosion below, and I felt the ship take a heavier list. Evidently a bulkhead had given way. It seemed to me that we were foundering.

Somebody bawled an order:

"All hands muster in division order, abaft."

Upon hearing that order I ran to the speaking tube to communicate with my brother. There was no officer to stop me. I knew from observation which tube communicated with the Diesel dynamo chamber. I wished to be certain that Adolph had heard the order to abandon ship.

"Adolph, Adolph," I called down.

A stranger's voice answered my hail. "On the bridge?" he called.

"I want Adolph Huene, my brother. The signalman."

"We've had to tie him up. For an hour he tried to hail the bridge before it was too late. And then he went crazy. . . ."

Besides the voice that spoke I could hear men weeping like children who are frightened. . . .

With no thought of anyone but of Adolph my brother, I ran below. I met all that was left of the crew, struggling with each other to mount the companionways and escape. To crawl forward against this mob that surged up was like checking the escape of jungle beasts with one's body. But I accomplished it. I knocked down men, whole men and wounded men. I fought with them in the companionway.

Then, when I reached the lower hatch, I found why my brother had indeed gone insane, trying to hail the bridge.

You must know that the dynamo-room is enclosed in an oval of thick steel, inside and separate from the steel of the ship. And the inside of this is reached through a manhole that is closed when a battle begins. The water, entering forward and bursting a bulkhead, had risen above the manhole. There was no power on earth that would have enabled one to enter or leave that chamber after the water came in.

I returned to the deck to be mustered.

A destroyer stood by to take us off. I spoke to an officer about my brother, Adolph, shut up in that mad room with the twenty-seven others. He was kind to me, for he saw my trouble.

"You can do nothing. I can do nothing. God can do nothing. In a minute it will be over for them. Go aboard the destroyer."

So I went on board the destroyer, as I was ordered to do.

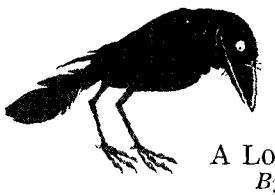
The destroyer sheered away. An order was given. A torpedo, directed against our wrecked Lützow, flashed out of the tube. That was merciful of the commander; otherwise Adolph and the others might have lived for hours. As the torpedo exploded the Lützow's bow dipped and the stern rose until she stood on end.

Our searchlight was flashed on her. We saw her heel over and sink, forming a great whirlpool with white-faced corpses floating about the edges. Not far away the searchlight showed us a cruiser that did not belong to our fleet and some destroyers that darted about like black cockroaches. The flash from their guns was so close that a gunner said it singed his beard. But they did not hit us, and in a minute we hid ourselves in the night.

BY THE morning we were back at our anchorage. There were four hundred and six of us who survived out of our crew of ten hundred and eighty.

The next week I was drafted aboard a new ship, another battle cruiser, the Von Der Tann, where I became a pharmacist's mate.

I regret I have taken up so much of your time in telling of this battle. You may know of books where it is told much better. It was the battle off Skagerrak, which the English call Jutland. I am very sure of that location, for I asked, so that I would know where my brother Adolph lost his life.



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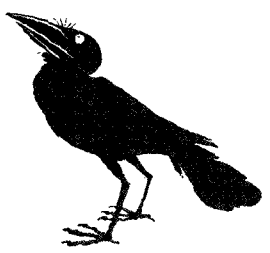

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The Iron Man Comes Back

Continued from page 9

The labor cost in making shoes is less now than it was when Bryan first ran for the Presidency. In 1895 it took 236 hours to make a pair of shoes. Now it takes only 107 hours or less.

I saw cost sheets on making big 5-gallon glass containers. It cost $25 in labor to make 100 of them before the war. Now it costs $1.88. Then it cost $1.95 a hundred to make tumblers. Today it costs 13 cents.

An automobile plant that employs 10,000 men would require 2,000,000 if automobiles were made in the old way.

The railroads are hauling 300,000 cars of freight a week more than they did four years ago and are doing it with 100,000 less men. In the iron and steel mills 2 men replace 12 in the unloading department. In furnace charging 2 replace 14. In pig-iron casting 7 replace 60. In open-hearth operations 1 replaces 40. In unloading pig iron 2 replace 128.

One Man Instead of Sixty

DOWN in Louisiana a plant employed 60 men working all day carrying on their shoulders across a marsh the raw material of that mill. It cost more to carry that rude freight from the ship to the mill than it did to carry it 1,000 miles on the ship. Now a carrying machine takes it out of the ship and moves it in a few hours across the marsh to the factory. One engineer operates it and replaces the 60 burden bearers.

Herbert Hoover has pointed to the wastes in industry until he has actually frightened manufacturers and made them yell for help. He has said that we waste 41 per cent of the cost in making shoes, over half in making buildings, almost half in making cloth, and two thirds in making men's clothes.

Much of this waste came in the riotous multiplication of styles and sizes. For instance, a grocer's paper bag is certainly an apparently simple product. And yet manufacturers managed to devise and make more than 6,000 sizes and types. Herbert Hoover got the manufacturers to cut out about 2,000 varieties and thus make immense saving in manufacture.

Imagine there being more than 500 sizes and kinds of woven wire! The makers cut the sizes down to 69 and saved the consumer $5 a ton on the operation. There used to be some 4,460 kinds of shovels! Well, they have cut out 4,000 of them, and today you buy shovels cheaper. Paving-brick makers estimate savings of $1,000,000 a year just from reducing the number of sizes. Sheet-metal makers save $2,400,000, boilermakers $5,500,000, and lumber mills $200,000,000.

With raw materials and labor higher —in many cases 100 per cent higher— the American manufacturer is manufacturing innumerable articles far more cheaply than they were made before the war. The only reason these goods do not come to us cheaper than in 1913 is that the COST OF DISTRIBUTION is still very high. But even the difficult problem of cheaper distribution is being attacked.

Of course it is but fair to say that all of the low prices we enjoy are not the result of scientific management—quite the contrary. Some of them are the fruit of highly unscientific management.

Cotton and wheat occasionally get below the pre-war price. The same thing is true of copper and other metals. The reason in each case is plain—too much cotton, too much wheat, too much copper is being produced and by methods which are too expensive. But it is interesting to note that of the three commodities mentioned the one which promises to climb out of the hole first is the industrial commodity copper rather than the agricultural ones.

This is because the copper companies are applying modern scientific methods to their problem, developing more advanced technical processes for extracting the metal from the ore. But little by little the producers have been whittling away at the cost of production until now some of them are making a profit again.

What will be the end of it? It seems inevitable that the price of numerous products is going to come down more and more. But while we are building up the purchasing power of our dollar, are we not creating a new problem for ourselves—the problem of unemployment?

In 1919 we had 274,600 factories. Now we have about 190.000. That is, 35,000 factories have closed their doors in five years. In 1919 these factories employed 9,000,000 people. Today they employ about 8,500,000. To be sure, those that are left get $1,000,000,000 a year more in wages. But what of the 500,000 that are out? And is not this number destined to increase?

Perhaps at some distant time we will have to deal in a serious way with this problem of employment. But for the time being we need not worry. There may be fewer in the factories. But there are innumerable wants being created which consume labor, and our labor supplies are not being replenished as they were in the old days before the present immigration laws were in force.

And now, one asks, what is behind this tremendous stir in the factories, this feverish war on waste, this frantic appeal to the machine and the enthronement of the god in the machine—the super-engineer. Why, bless your heart, it is the reappearance of the poor little heroine everyone had supposed was dead —Competition.

A lot of people have a very inadequate understanding of competition. They think, as one business man put it, that competition is what happens when two grocers on opposite corners try to sell a can of beans to the same woman. That kind of competition may be a little out of vogue now. But there is another type at work. It is the kind which arises not when one merchant contests for trade with another merchant, but when one whole trade engages in a struggle with another whole trade for a share of the consumer's dollar.

Some years ago the brickmakers, fretted and distracted by the cares and losses produced by cutthroat competition, got together—more or less. They entered what was called the Open Price Competition. They soon learned that it was a very delightful thing. It did away with the evils of overproduction and all the huge expense of salesmanship, and enabled them to charge $25 and $30 a thousand for bricks where once they had to be content with $6 and $10.

What is Behind It?

BUT all of a sudden they became aware of the fact that competition, instead of having disappeared, had merely shifted its base. They found that while as brickmakers they were not so much in competition with each other, they were in competition as a whole with the cement makers and the lumber dealers and the tile manufacturers and the stucco producers. So we have steel and zinc and copper and aluminum battling to get into the same machine and radios and piano players and phonographs fighting for the vacant corner in the living-room. Indeed, so general is it that we actually have clothing competing with automobiles.

Behind the lowering price level is scientific management. Behind scientific management is the new competition. And behind the new competition is education. The American masses are more educated. They are more civilized. They have more wants. Every man can think of a score of things to do with his dollar. And the manufacturer and the merchant who want to share in that dollar have to make the best argument—and one of the most powerful of arguments is that one which deals with price.

And so down come the prices and up goes the dollar!

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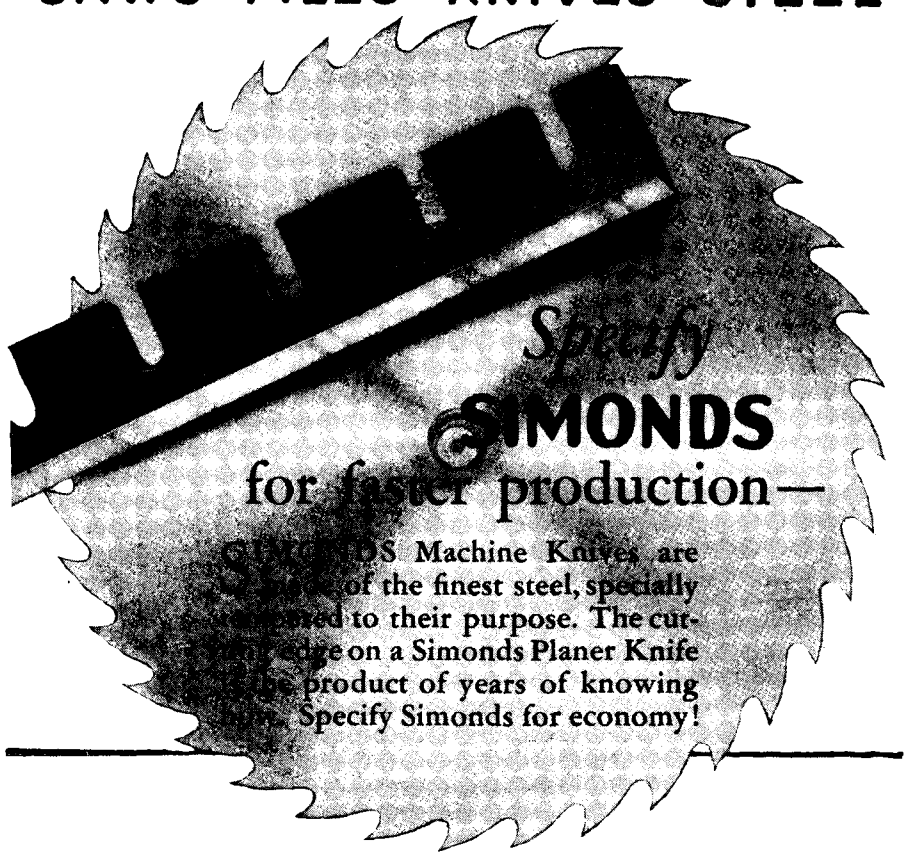

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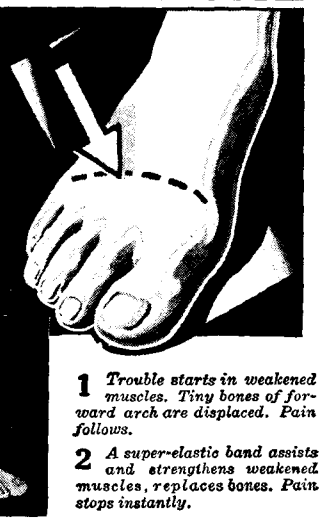

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
Thomas H. Beck, *Editorial Director*
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Good Will

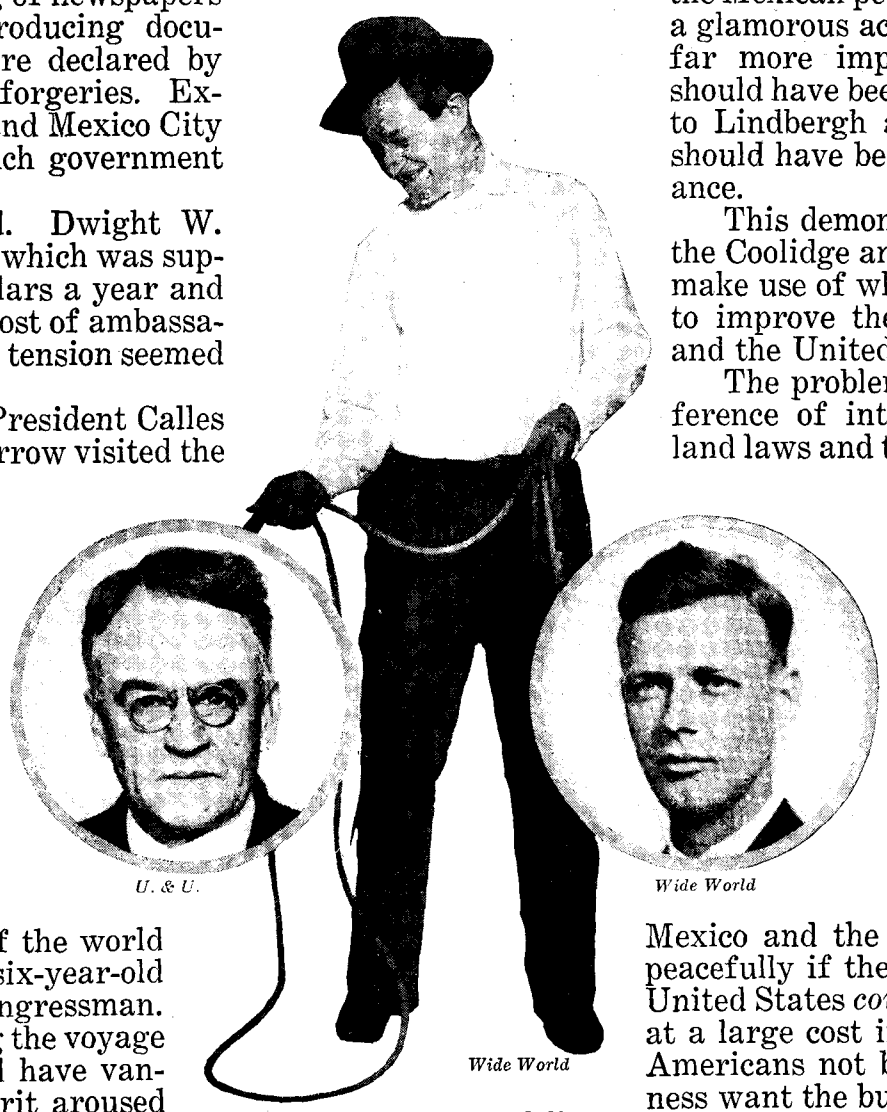
THE swift change of feeling on both sides of the Rio Grande is one of the most inspiring events any of us have seen. Hardly a year ago war with Mexico was a dark possibility which could not be forgotten. Various groups of American citizens seemed to be actively fomenting hatred between the peoples of the two republics. Only recently a powerful string of newspapers published a series of hate-producing documents which, incidentally, were declared by the Mexican Government to be forgeries. Exchanges between Washington and Mexico City revealed the strain under which government officials labored.

Suddenly all this changed. Dwight W. Morrow gave up a partnership which was supposed to pay him a million dollars a year and accepted the relatively minor post of ambassador to Mexico. Immediately the tension seemed to lessen.

Ambassador Morrow and President Calles breakfasted together. Mr. Morrow visited the Presidential estate and admired Señor Calles' horses and cattle. The American ambassador became the center of Mexican news.

It was all good news. Will Rogers, the part Indian philosopher and humorist, accepted an invitation to visit Mexico and all over the United States Rogers' merry comments gave a fresh picture of the Mexican scene.

Then came the audacious Lindbergh flight. The eyes of the world were focused on the twenty-six-year-old son of a radical Minnesota congressman. Lindbergh's skill in completing the voyage under conditions which would have vanquished a less determined spirit aroused the people of Mexico even as it stirred our own emotions.



Ambassadors of Good Will: Dwight W. Morrow, Will Rogers, Colonel Lindbergh

Mexico hailed the young Galahad of an airplane generation and honored him for his modesty, his self-control, his intrepidity and his resourcefulness just as we had taken him to our hearts as the symbol of the qualities we most admire.

Lindbergh was avowedly an "ambassador of good will." We felt a new kinship to the Mexican people when we perceived that they too were stirred to the depths of emotion by the sight of a young man who realized in his lonely voyages the achievements which for most of us always remain dreams and unfulfilled aspirations.

When we learned that a myriad of Mexicans were beside themselves with joy and enthusiasm at the safe arrival of our hero we knew as we had never known before that we were of the same human stuff as our brothers to the south.

It is important that the Mexican people and that we too rose to this great occasion. Something fine and spectacular had happened and we honored ourselves by doing reverence to a man who sought only to blaze trails of advantage to his fellow man.

But important as was the revelation of the capacity of the Mexican people and of ourselves to applaud a glamorous act and to welcome the hero, it is far more important that President Calles should have been willing to issue his invitation to Lindbergh and that our own government should have been willing to permit its acceptance.

This demonstrated a desire on the part of the Coolidge and the Calles administrations to make use of whatever gifts the gods bestowed to improve the relationship between Mexico and the United States.

The problems of course remain. The difference of interest and of feeling over the land laws and the laws governing the exploitation of oil and other mineral resources are practical matters which cannot be settled offhand.

But, and this is the heart of the affair, any problem, however trivial, can lead to fighting if people hate each other and no problem, however serious, is incapable of solution if there is an honest and friendly desire on both sides to reach a solution.

The differences between Mexico and the United States must be settled peacefully if they are to be settled at all. The United States *could* undoubtedly conquer Mexico at a large cost in life and in treasure, but few Americans not blinded by passion or covetousness want the burden of governing that country through a permanent army of occupation.

The alternative to war is peaceful adjudication and only in the glow of friendship can this be successfully carried out. Thanks to Dwight Morrow, Will Rogers and Colonel Lindbergh we are for the first time in a generation bound to Mexico by ties of friendship.

Lindbergh, who risked everything and sought nothing for himself, provided the spark which lighted the fires of international friendship. He made peace as thrilling as war. In so doing he has served mightily his own country and all countries.

When next the Nobel committee canvasses the field to find the man who has best contributed to the cause of peace they will find in Colonel Lindbergh the peer of any. By doing his appointed task gloriously he has lifted the fogs of ill will and let previously antagonistic people see each other in the clear light of international good will.

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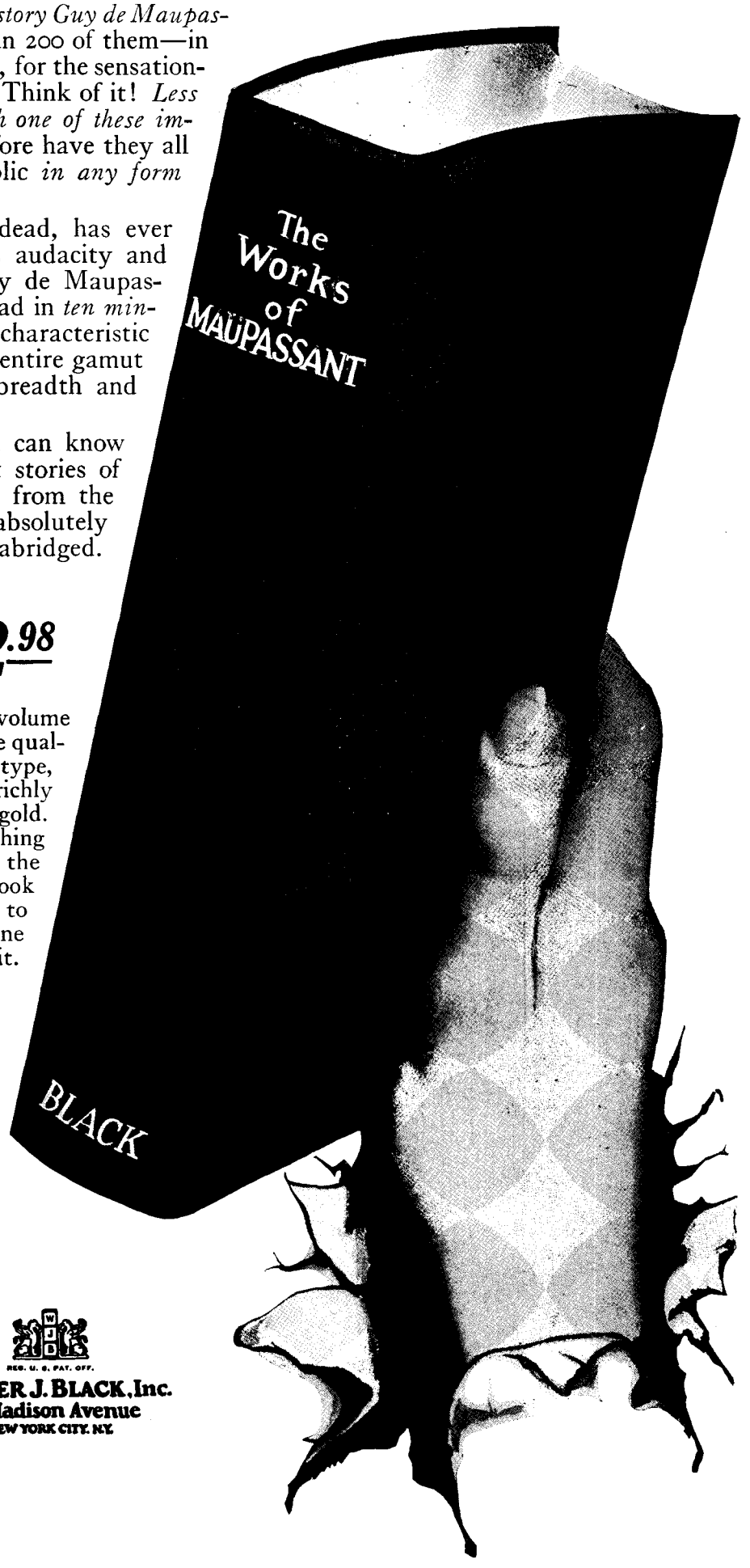

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